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ANGEL MINISTRATIONS

Origin and Character Revealed by Their Works--Frequent Inter- course with Men.

BY WILLIAM D. RICHNER, M. A.

The unfolding force with humankind is spirit, and "nothing is surer than the soul will win what it wants." From the maddening crowd 'tis well oft to retire to holier ground, in quiet to aspire toward promised regions of serene grace.

I am asked, do you not believe the angels are a preternatural creation, seclusive and separate from men? The origin and character of the angels is revealed by their ministrations. "They are all ministering spirits," declares your great text book, and it is safe and logical to decide character as we do the tree, by the fruit it bears, judge the quality of origin by outcome.

Angel interest and their frequent intercourse with the denizens of earth appears throughout Hebrew and Grecian scriptures. Indeed, angels are shown to be essential factors in the making of "sacred" writings—impart the divine purpose to men—"ministers of His will, ye angels of His."

The commission of Moses as leader of Israel, and the giving of the law was by the "disposition of angels." And there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth. Their mission is to minister to salvation's heirs. For this "millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake." And yet more tersely the beloved seer declares he saw "Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands." He also heard their voices beautifully singing. But who may describe the grandeur of this million-voiced choir in song?

Each of the seven churches of Revelation has protecting angels, and who is the believer whose soul does not leap with helpful joy to know that he too has at his side a constant spirit guide. "Angels camp about the righteous and delivereth them out of their troubles." "Comfort ye my people, saith the Lord." O rejoice, rejoice, all believers in the precious interest these celestials feel in our trials, struggles and successes. Their saving ministration is to assist, guide and protect. In all our vicissitudes the influence of their love is to encourage and improve us.

"Then be not unmindful to entertain strangers, for by so doing some have entertained angels unaware.—To do good and communicate forget not." The three angels entertained by Abraham were in the "form of men." They blessed him and Sara and amused her by the announcement of approaching motherhood. Later it was an angel that stayed the uplifted knife and saved innocent Isaac's life. And Hagar, famishing in the wilderness was saved by an angel leading to the water which saved also the life of her darling boy. The angel with whom Jacob wrestled is called a "man," and visited again he is instructed by the angel in the transfer of property. Again meeting with these angels and greatly encouraged he calls them "The Lord's hosts." The ladder he saw reaching from heaven to earth proved to him in beautiful figure the open channel of spirit inter-communication. The beautiful gates not only ajar, but open wide to all who seek this beautiful truth to know.

Angels in the Form of Men

forewarned Lot of impending danger, assisting him and his, urged their escape. An angel like unto a man met and reproved Baalam. And to the wife of Manoah an angel appeared in the field at high noon and announced to her the conception and birth of the most remarkable instrument for spirit power by physical phenomena, Samson. His

wonderful feats being always and only when the "spirit came mightily upon him."

The guides, going before Israel appeared as a pillar of fire by night and a white cloud by day. Thus the "angel of his presence saved them," and gave divine guidance. He maketh his ministers a flame of fire and his angels ministering spirits. The seers, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and very many others received their messages at the hands of these ministering spirits, in stature and invariably the "form of men."

The prophecies and visions of Daniel, similar though less weird than those of the Patmos seer, revealing the political, social and religious progress of the world, are all given by the media of angels in the likeness of men, ministering spirits imparting their revelations as men speak with men face to face. The prophet speaks of his messenger as the "man" Gabriel. "I heard a man's voice which called and said: 'Gabriel, make this man understand the vision.'" Which sounds like revelation and not concealment. I have heard we ought not attempt to understand these "strange mysteries"—that the meaning of these things, and the prophecies contained in the book of Revelations are "sealed." Yet the book opens: "Blessed is he that readeth and they that hear the words of the prophecy and keep those things which are written therein, for the time is at hand."

But how shall we "keep" these things if we do not understand them? and how shall we understand if we do not read, study and meditate on these things. We are encouraged to gain this intelligence by the ample assurance of "blessing." Moreover, this knowledge of truth is assured by possession of the comforter, the holy spirit. Zachariah, the seer, was given a vast variety of visions and interviews with these men like angels. But Zachariah of the New Testament because he "doubted the words of the angel was struck dumb."

Let us profit by this admonition, and investigate more carefully with sincere desire to learn the utility and saving truth of spirit return and angel guardianship. The angels who opened the tomb of the dead Jesus were in the "form of men." The angel that "smote Peter's side in prison causing his shackles to fall, led him forth through the gates into the city."

The surprised Rhoda and her company assembled in prayer, when they heard his voice and knock at the door, believed it to be his angel. These believers were neither agnostics nor materialists. But in the mount of his fasting and sanctification for his mission the companions of Jesus were "wild beasts and angels." How like is this beautiful fact to the seers ideal—the actual docility and kindness of the animal by the culture of the spiritual perceptions—the angel nature.

And in the garden of his deep sorrows "an angel appears comforting Jesus." He voices the assurance of His Father to send to his aid "twelve legions—72,000, of angels."

The scholarly, intrepid Paul is no stranger to angel ministration. Tempest tossed mid boisterous seas; sun nor stars appearing; to the despairing crew of the wrecked ship he says: "I exhort you to be of good cheer, there shall be no loss of life, only of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, fear not Paul, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." How blessed

the assurance there shall be no loss of life, only the ship. Man, a spirit clothed upon with a fleshly body, survives the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds. "The outward man—this fleshly old hulk perisheth, but the inward, real man, impulse and motor of the mortal, is 'renewed day by day.'"

Paul, the Spiritual Positivist

and optimist, enjoyed constant companionship with celestial visitants, and was always well assured of their protection and guidance, hence he speaks with fullest confidence in their divine assistance and with assurance of faith ripened into knowledge, and so after citing a lengthy though incomplete list of ancient worthies, he rapturously concludes: "Seeing then we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

Two worlds are looking on us, the world of sensuous life and the angel or spirit world. But what shall we say of the grand demonstration of the superiority of spirit over matters received by Peter, James and John on the mount: "As Jesus prayed, the fashion of his face was changed and his raiment became white and glistening, and behold two 'men,' which were Moses and Elias, who appeared and spake of his decease." The three favored disciples saw the two materialized men, Moses and Elias, deceased centuries before. I accept this spiritual manifestation as a beautiful illustration of the ability of the inner, real man to make his identity known after mortal dissolution.

On Peter's mind this angelic scene made a lasting impression. In sweet recollection he declares, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known to you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of his majesty." Yes, there is a spiritual body of eternal substance, more real and enduring than the physical body. "I must put off this tabernacle as my Lord hath shown me," said Peter, patiently waiting the desirable change. It is the ego, the real man, that thus speaks of the outside physical shell and which when no longer of service the spirit man leaves, rises out of it and like a bird happy to be freed from its contracted cage, flits off into its own native liberty.

I would not intimate the spirit man is possessed of wings. I deem it time to abandon the early crude idea of the necessity for angels to have wings growing from their shoulders as great flying machines.

These spiritual beings have little use for feathery appendages for flight. If they ever appear as having wings it is simply a figure used to convey the idea of the freed spirit's great swiftness of movement.

John saw angels "flying" in the midst of heaven, but this need not imply the possession of feathery wings, like a great bird, any more than we when dispatching a messenger should say: "fly," be quick, I want to hear soon from this. To fly is to be expeditious in delivery of a message, the prompt, quick execution of a work or duty.

Early Mythology Attaches Wings

to Cupid, the feet of Mercury—tells also of winged lions and swift going horses, having wings spread from their backs indicative of great speed, swiftness. Cruder still is the notion of the artist whose painting shows great feathery wings attached to the shoulders of the angel guards at the sepulchre of the risen Saviour, placidly folded at their sides. To a truly Spiritual christianity such mythological idolatry is abhorrent and useless. I speak thus plainly to correct an error almost universal—an error that has largely tended toward superstition and obstructed the free course of clean, vital truth. The long mistaken presentation of angels with wings has doubtless led to the notion that they are a supernatural creation, exclusive and separate from men. Angel "wings" are thought of only when these celestials are supposed by the

seers to be in swift motion. For this they may be used as a beautiful figure only. Numbers of these are noted simply as "men" without wings. Of the angel that "stood" by Paul on the wrecked ship at midnight there is no mention of wings. Nor does he so describe them in his letters to the churches. But he does very emphatically call them "ministering spirits" and classes them as jointly of us and one with us, interested as human beings naturally in sympathy with us in our earthly trials, failures and successes.

Some will say these celestials are supernatural beings. If this be true, how then can we know anything about them? So far superior, separate and distinct from us, can they have anything in common with us, or indeed we with them? What can we know about the supernatural? Is there anything outside of nature? Can we conceive anything beyond? The great "I am" exists and abides within nature. This is why we are in "fellowship with him." All beings of the spiritual realm are subject, as we are, to the essential, universal, inexorable law of conditions. They visit and manifest themselves to us only in accord with this natural law.

But as to this natural sympathy and humane oneness of these spiritual beings, millions of whom walk the earth unseen, let us rejoin the beloved seer. Alone and away from the maddening crowd. No, not alone, for there on this seclusive isle, so magnetic and thrilling with spirit presence and power, he could not be alone, unless to be circled by thousands and thousands of angelic choristers is to be alone. Yes, how fondly we linger here with this congress of celestials assembled in grand convention on this sanctified isle. The mind, the soul is overwhelmed; language fails utterly to give the faintest intimation of the vast reach and glory of the powers of the world to come, here convened,—convened to practically discuss and control the changing, vital affairs of this planet.

The seer says, "I was in the spirit." The spirit took possession of his passive instrument and John became entranced. "The spirit carried me away to a high mountain and into the wilderness."

Seven times are the churches distinctly and clearly admonished "to hear what the spirits say." And now as to the real character of this angel guide. See Rev. XXI. "According to the measure of a man that is the angel." "I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus."—XIX and Rev. XXII:19. "I, John, saw these things and heard the angel say, 'I am thy fellow servant and one of thy brethren, the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book—seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book.'"

Testimony like this thrice repeated ought to be sufficient to settle beyond all cavil the province, nature and serviceable character of these ministering spirits, so capable and ready to control and communicate with the denizens of earth. That these spiritual beings, these angel guides are ever at our side, to impart sympathy, comfort and aid in our struggles to do this right, and sharing in the joy of our successes.

"They come when we wander, they come when we pray.

In mercy to guard us wherever we stray.
A glorious cloud their bright witness is given,
Encircling us here are these angels of Heaven."

The seer's angel who conversed with him as a friend talketh with friend, tells John he is a "fellow servant," once in the flesh, and of his brethren "one of the prophets"—possibly Moses, or Elias, whom with Jesus, James and Peter, John met in sweet counsel in the holy mount. By the peculiar character of these revelations, the tropes, visions, symbols and the wonderful landscape scenery I am inclined to believe John's coadjutor in foretelling this world's varied history was the prophet Daniel. This, however, may be less important than the hope-inspiring fact that these wonderful messages of such far-reaching import were given by immortal spirits,

called angels, spirits of just men, who before walked this earth in the flesh.

The seer saw angels standing at the four latitudes "holding the four winds." How significant the figure of the universal reach of spirit control. Besides having the elements vital to human life, in control, why may not these spiritual powers influence for weal or woe the climaxes and changes in the lives of nations and of men. They do equally sure as the great spirit brooding o'er the drear waters in the turned chaos into beautiful order and darkness into fruitful, cheerful light.

And so to the seer's vision another angel is revealed, having "the seal of God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, saying: 'Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God,' etc., etc. These symbols, earth, sea, trees and the "four winds" have their expressive and beautiful significance. And the evident fact conveyed confirms the truth that the shaping and conduct of the affairs of our planet is within the power and province of these spiritual, oft-times invisible beings. Their influence and control appears limitless and very subtle. Yet by intuition and the cultivation of our spiritual perceptions we may get glimpses as did the Hebrew patriarch.

How glorious the vista his all night vision, to extort from his lips: "Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not. This is none other than the house of God, and this the gate of Heaven." Less the place to us, than the spiritualized condition—the coming into divine rapport with these ministering spirits of a glorious salvation. The inspiration of a blissful hope that spans all space. The sooner we undertake this vitalizing truth and practice it wisely, the better shall we grow. Let us investigate, test and try that we prove all things and wisely hold fast to that which is good.

Elisha prayed and said: "Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw and behold the mountain, full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." And how prompt the inspiration of essential courage, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." Seeing then, brethren, that we also are compassed about with so great a "cloud" of these spiritual witnesses, why may we not run with greatest of patience this happy race set before us. How cheering the thought that we may be, not less, but more useful to each other when released from these tenements of clay.

From the Mount of Ascension

it is said: "A cloud received him out of their sight. And the two men who stood by in white apparel," promised the longing, loving ones that He would return in like manner, just as palpable and real as they saw him disappear. But, believe me, the "cloud" that received Jesus on the occasion is far more substantial than the clouds of air blown 'mid the heavens. This "cloud" of receiving witnesses is made up of the eternal verities—spiritual hosts. "Cherubic legions guard him home and shout him welcome," sings the poet. "Behold, he cometh with ten thousand of his saints," continues Jude. And the seer burning with wider vision "Behold, He cometh in clouds, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of angels."

But who may tell of the countless millions of these spiritual beings in group-like clouds—clouds of angelic witnesses to the grand, beautiful truth of human immortality—receiving fresh accessions daily, hourly, all rejoicing in the inspiration: "If I go away, I will return, that where I am, ye may be also." Of the many visions enjoyed by Daniel he makes special mention of two men clothed in white linen, seemingly identical with the "two angels" at the sepulchre, the "two men on the Mount of Transfiguration," and the "two men in white apparel," who stood with the mourning disciples on the Mount of Ascension.

(Continued on page 2.)



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OURSELVES.

We must still ask for the patient
indulgence of our subscribers, because
of delays in issuing the Sunflower. It
has been impossible for us to get it
out on time, though we hope that
condition will not last many weeks
more.

Some of the former contributors
may be waiting to receive a personal
invitation to continue but up to the present
we have been unable to get time to
do any corresponding. The invitation
is hereby extended.

Reports of societies and workers
throughout the country are desired and
we trust all friends of Spiritualism
will accept in hearty accord this
invitation to give us the news. Limited
capital and crowded conditions prevent
doing full justice to an enterprise
dealing with matters for which the
Sunflower is published. Those hin-
drances will, however, be but tem-
porary and before a year has passed
away we hope to give our patrons all
that they can consistently expect.

We are not in this business to take
the place of any other Spiritualistic
papers, but simply to fill our own
niche in that newspaper field, of which
there are now too few, though
evidently all that those interested in
Spiritualism are willing to support.

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Watch Jewels.

Each watch jewel is shaped to a cir-
cle and bored through the center, each
boring being just a little less than the
diameter of the pinion used in the fac-
tory where it is finally to be placed in
the upper or lower plate of a watch.

Before the jewel gets to the setter it
has been put into a lathe and by means
of a minute steel point covered with
diamond dust and oil the center has
been enlarged to fit the steel pinions
which shall be housed in it. In the
hands of the setter the cylinder is put
into a lathe. With a moistened finger
the jewel is picked up and placed li-
side the cylinder as it rests on the tip
of the revolving lathe shaft. With a
pointed tool the setter presses against
the revolving cylinder edge, forcing the
soft metal to overlap and close upon
the sapphire or ruby till it is imbedded
firmly in the metal cushion. Then a
pressure upon a follower at the other
end of the lathe brings a cutter to
bear upon the metal circumference,
turning it to the exact size of the
jewel hole in the plate of the watch,
with the hole in the center of the
jewel exactly in the center of the met-
al setting.—New York Times.

To clean cut glass wash thoroughly
with warm soapsuds and cover with
sawdust for an hour or two or until
perfectly dry, then brush off with a
soft brush and it will be clear and
sparkling.

ANGEL MINISTRATIONS.

(Continued from page 1.)

sion centuries after and, as faithful
messengers, assured them of their
loved one's return. Yet at the
conclusion of the transfiguration,
"while He yet spake to them, there
came a 'cloud' and over-shadowed
them, and they feared as they entered
the cloud."

Such is the experience of quite all
seers, sages and others, when first
brought into close contact with strong
spirit power; they "fear and quake,"
as did Moses. It is said: "When he
came down from the mount his face
shone like the face of an angel." So
wonder and glorious the sight, the
people requested that he wear a veil
when he spake to them. This after
only forty days in angelic company.
Who may estimate the vital value to
us of their constant company. Spirit
is the radiant center of cleanliness
and health, glorifies and beautifies;
and beholding with open face and
honest soul, as a glass we are trans-
formed from glory to glory by the
spirit.

This teaching of angel guardianship
by no means new, yet is it tabooed by
many. Ancient seers and early
Christians lived in its protection and
love. Its utility and joy is only to
the degree we personally appropriate
them. Quench not the spirit, today
if ye hear the voice harden not your
hearts, but behold now is the accepted
time for salvation to be secured by
personal effort, for the autonomy of
Heaven is within, not a distant place
but a state or condition. The spirit
realm being all about us interblends
with the physical world.

When the young man's perceptions
were opened, he easily saw the moun-
tain full of spiritual beings, called
angels. He and the prophet were
surrounded by these heavenly hosts and
so are we, though we may not see
them because our sight is holden. If
thinking at all numbers of people
dream these spiritual beings have left
this world and gone off to some other
planet, mayhap the "beautiful sum-
merland." If this be true, how
account for the fact that whenever our
spiritual sight is opened as is their's,
and the natural law of attraction
prevails, they are always at hand to
cheer, comfort and bless.

He, universal, infinite, creative
spirit, "gives his angels charge to
keep thee in all thy ways, lest at any
time thou dash thy foot against a
stone." For angels camp about the
righteous and delivereth them out of
trouble. If all about us, why can we
not see them? Paul, at his conversion
from materialism, saw a great light.
Several days his physical vision was
darkened—blinded. The men with
him neither heard the voice which
spoke to him nor saw the lights nor
any man. Their power for seeing at
the time was not in the same condition
as his. Because what Paul saw he
saw by virtue of having unfolded in
him a function different from theirs—
different from his own in his normal
state.

Some have only one of their spiri-
tual senses opened. Others reach a
state wherein they hear these spiritual
beings without the ability to see them.
Others both see and hear, and yet
others are able to feel their touch
without either hearing or seeing them.
The story of Jacob wrestling with the
angel intimates the opening of all
three of the spiritual senses. He
not only saw and heard, he touched the
spirit. And so all along the beautiful,
blissful pathway of angels facts and
illuminating phenomena of inter-
communication is not without witness.

There is no death, hence I have little
or nothing to say about it, our theme
is angels, spirit and life—life more
abundantly for men.

There is a gate that opens wide,
A gate of living splendor,
Through which when we cross the tide
We find the love that's tender.
Men call it death and dread the way,
But from each poor ambition
We find it leads to Heaven's day,
This gateway of transition.
The poor have equal chances there
With those of strength and beauty;
The sad and wayworn leave their care,
The idle learn their duty,
The rich and poor, the low and high,
Regardless of position,
Find at this gate souls never die,
But live by death's transition.
We'll find beyond its portals sweet,
That there is life's bright glory,
And deeds alone make Heaven complete
And tell the fairest story.
Let's live so when we turn our face
Away from earth's condition
We'll gladly hail with angel grace
Life's glorious transition.

Who can remain the same in defeat
as in victory—in adversity as in pros-
perity—is individualized.

Wonders of Wire- less Telegraphy.

THE announcement by William
Marconi of his intention to es-
tablish a regular wireless tele-
graph service across the Atlan-
tic directs attention to the marvelous
progress made within a few years in
putting into practical use his discov-
eries and inventions.

The record breaking trip of the new
Cunard liner Lusitania, which excited
so much interest and was the subject
of so many articles in the press, served
to call into notice the value of the
wireless system of telegraphy. It was
due to such a service that those on
both sides of the Atlantic who were
following the course of the vessel were
able to learn each day of the progress
the steamship was making, of the
number of knots steamed per hour or
day and all other important incidents
of the trip.

The voyage of the Atlantic fleet into
Pacific waters is another thing which
calls into special prominence the fact
of the great value of the wireless tele-
graph and of that newest thing in
science, the wireless telephone. Not
only are all the battleships which are
to participate in the much talked of
cruise to have full wireless telegraph
equipment, but by order of Assistant
Secretary Newberry they are all to be
equipped with wireless telephone in-
struments. The sixteen battleships
participating in the cruise and also the
six torpedo boat destroyers are to be
fitted with two sets of wireless tele-
phones. The Virginia and Connecticut
are to be thus equipped first, to test
the merits of the device. The instru-
ments to be used are guaranteed for
a range of five miles under all condi-
tions of atmosphere. It is said they
give satisfaction at a much greater
range under favorable conditions. It
can readily be seen how valuable such
a system of communication might be-
come in the case of vessels composing
a naval fleet on a cruise in strange wa-
ters.

While the Lusitania was on her
maiden trip across the Atlantic the
correspondents aboard seemed, for
most of the time at least, to be in as
close touch with the public as if the
floating palace of their temporary re-
sidence had been a hotel or a newspaper
office in a big city. The wireless op-
erators on the liners now understand



WIRELESS OPERATOR ON ATLANTIC LINER
RECEIVING MESSAGES—GETTING OUT AN
"EXTRA SPECIAL" IN MID-ATLANTIC.

pretty well how to get into telegraphic
touch both with land and with other
vessels at sea. Not only from the great
Marconi stations at Cornwall and
Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, but
also from other vessels on the trans-
atlantic passage, the liners are kept in-
formed of the latest events. The Mar-
coni telegraph communication chart
shows the operator the moment when
he may expect to get into communica-
tion with any other vessel on the route.
The latest news is printed on board in
a little paper and is discussed in the
smoking rooms in mid-Atlantic almost
as soon as it is commented on in the
clubs of London and New York.

Up to the present time the wireless
system has proved of greatest prac-
tical value in communicating with ves-
sels at sea. But now Mr. Marconi
says that the time has come for the es-
tablishment of a regular commercial
wireless service across the ocean. For
four years the inventor has been able
to send communications to and fro
across the big pond, and by means of
the experiments made and the im-
provement in instruments effected all
obstacles have been overcome, so that

now the establishment of regular trans-
atlantic wireless service on a commer-
cial basis is feasible. The average
speed in sending messages will be
twenty words a minute, and the rate
will be 10 cents a word for ordinary
commercial messages and 5 cents a
word for press dispatches. These rates
may be cut in two later. The mes-
sages will be sent from the new sta-
tion at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and re-
ceived at Clifden, Ireland, where a
new plant has been established, fitted
with the latest apparatus, much more
powerful than that of the older sta-
tion at Poldhu, Cornwall.

ROMANCE OF INN SIGNS.

Some of the Quaint Legends Still to
Be Found in England.

There would, indeed, seem to be no
limit to the number of quaint inn
signs in England. At King's Lynn, in
Norfolk, for instance, is to be seen the
Honest Lawyer. An old painting is
fastened to the wall depicting a law-
yer carrying his head in his hand, im-
plying, of course, that no lawyer is
honest while his head remains on his
shoulders. This is a variation of the
better known sign of the Silent Wo-
man, in which a headless woman is
represented. The Three Compasses is a
frequent sign on French, German and
Dutch as well as English inns. The
inn of that name in Grosvenor row,
Pimlico, was formerly called the Goat
and Compasses.

Others have suggested that the sign
is a corruption of the puritanical
phrase "God encompasseth us." The
goat, however, may have been the
original sign, to which mine host added
his Masonic emblem of the com-
passes—a likely explanation, seeing
that there is a Salmon and Compasses
at Petersborough.

The sign of the Cat and the Fiddle
is supposed to have originated with
the nursery rhyme:

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.

But other explanations have been of-
fered. One is that it may have origi-
nated with certain Caton fidele, a
staunch Protestant, in the reign of
Queen Mary, and only have been
changed into the cat and fiddle by cor-
ruption. If this is so it must have
lost its original appellation very early,
for in 1689 we find "Henry Carr, signe
of the Catte and Fiddle in the Old
Change." The Bull and Gate, in
Holborn, at which Tom Jones alighted
when he first came to London, prob-
ably took its name from Boulogne Gate.
The Bull and Mouth—a frequent sign—
is a corruption of Boulogne Mouth,
and both no doubt were intended as
compliments to Henry VIII., who took
Boulogne in 1544. An inn at Llandaff
once had for its sign the Cock. But,
trade getting rather depressed, the
landlord thought he would try the ef-
fect of a new sign. He accordingly
put up a portrait of the bishop of
Llandaff and called the house by that
name. A rival in the neighborhood
thought he saw his way to make fresh
customers by this change and straight-
way altered the sign of his inn to the
Cock, with good results. Landlord
No. 1, hearing of this, was greatly ex-
asperated, and by way of checkmating
his adversary he had painted up under
the bishop's portrait, "This is the
Old Cock!"

About a mile outside the little vil-
lage of Tintwistle is an inn bearing the
sign the Shepherd. It is a Very
Quiet Man. A former tenant of the
house, which is opposite the lower end
of Torside reservoir of the Manchester
waterworks, was Joseph Brownhill,
known as the Shepherd of Woodhead.
He died in 1839, and his portrait still
hangs in the front room of the inn,
which is locally known as the Quiet
Shepherd. This inn can be seen from
the Great Central main line and is the
property of Lord Tolleremache of Hel-
mingham. Near Prestwich is the
Same Yet. This was formerly known
as the Seven Stars, but a bygone land-
lord decided to have his sign repainted.
When the painters asked what they
were to put on the board he replied,
"Same yet." And they took him at
his word.

At Old Turnford, in Worcestershire,
there is a sign which represents a ne-
gro in a tub. Two women in white
aprons and caps are endeavoring to
scrub him white, the whole represent-
ing the Labor in Vain. Yet another,
in the main street of Dudley, has for
a sign the Round of Beef, while some-
where in the south of England is the
Devil and Bag o' Nails. And with that
I feel I must close my list.—P. T. O.
Weekly.

Wanted—Another Victim.

One day an agent of Fouquier Tin-
ville came to the Luxembourg with a
list of victims, drawn up by the ac-
cusateur, which contained eighteen
names. He collected seventeen of
these unfortunates, but could not find
the eighteenth. A suspect was passing
by, and the agent asked his name. The
prisoner declined to give it, and the
agent at once handed him over to the
gendarmes. Next day the man was
guillotined. Another day an agent sum-
moned a prisoner of fifty, but the man
did not answer to his name, and a lad
of seventeen who was playing at ball
was seized, taken to the conciergerie
and put to death.

Young Folks

THE COWTHORPE OAK.

Tree in Yorkshire, England, is Said to
Be Five Hundred Years Old.

One of the oldest of British trees is
the Cowthorpe oak, which has been
standing near Wetherby, in Yorkshire,
for 500 years, according to veracious
chronicle. It is a tree that has been
described often and has figured in
works of fiction.

It is related of this tree, says the
New York Sun, that on occasion as
many as forty persons have been
gathered within the hollow of its
trunk, although it must be confessed
that some of these were children. The
most recent measurement shows that
its girth of trunk at the ground was
fifty-four feet three inches, and the
cavity was eleven feet by nine feet.

The tree is not now so very tall,
reaching only thirty-seven feet into the
air. There are twenty-five props about
the tree to support the falling branches.
The cavity has been noticeable only
since the beginning of the nineteenth
century. Many of the earlier measure-
ments show that the tree once was
much greater in girth than now.

Aged as it is, the tree bore acorns in
1901 and 1905 and always produces a
fair amount of foliage. In 1893 an
acorn borne by the Cowthorpe oak was
planted near by, and a tree is growing
up slowly as a memorial to the parent.

New Chinese Shadows.

The following is a very simple meth-
od of producing on the wall a series of
new Chinese shadows, the operator as
well as the little folk delineated re-
maining behind the lookers-on, which
is sometimes an advantage.

Place a candle on a table and on the
wall opposite affix a sheet of foolscap
for a screen. Between the candle and
the screen interpose some opaque body,



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK.

such as a cardboard calendar or a
large volume. Now, how are you go-
ing to project your shadows on the
screen when it is already dark? Very
simply—by means of a mirror fixed at
the edge of a table. The reflection of
the mirror will be thrown on the wall
either in a parallelogram or in an oval,
and if your screen is in the suitable
position and you work your pasteboard
dolls correctly between them, the mir-
ror and the wall, your audience will
see the figures dance without finding
out the way it is done.—Magical Ex-
periments.

Said to Be Jacob's Well.

A German traveler, writing from
Palestine to a Cologne paper, says:
"Our guide, a tall, swarthy, long beard-
ed man, who could earn much money
as a model, grew eloquent when we
came to Schechem, a place which
should be sacred to the Hebrews be-
cause its history is so closely inter-
woven with theirs. Here we saw what
is known as Jacob's well, which is in
the shadow of Mount Gerizim. It is
about seventy feet deep, they told us,
and eight feet in diameter. 'Here,'
said our guide, 'stood the oak of Mo-
reh, where Abraham, when he came to
Canaan, built the first altar. In the
days of Jacob, Schechem had become
a business town, and here it was that
the traders of that time came with
their live stock and products of the
field to trade.' All its commercial
greatness has vanished, but it will at-
tract religious people as long as the
well, which is still in a good state of
preservation, remains."

Jesse's Adventure.

Jesse, who is just learning to talk,
always speaks of himself as "she."
Not long since he ran in, trembling
with excitement, and announced:
"Oh, mamma, she tum to de hen-
house, an' she see er ole hen, an' she
shake her wing at she, an' she wun
away."

Get Busy.

While the parcels post bill did not
pass the last session of congress, it is
by no means dead, says the Home
Leaguer. Through the instrumentality
of the retail mail order houses a num-
ber of organizations have been formed
under various names, such as the
Parcels Post league, etc. Now, it is
imperative that not later than No-
vember every retail merchant in the
United States write the congressman
from his district and the two United
States senators from his state protest-
ing against the passage of a parcels
post bill in the next national congress.
Do not neglect it; it is vital.

LILY DALE NEWS.

Mrs. Jennie Coan left recently for the grape season at Fredonia, on the Weaver farm.

Miss Abbie Olmstead left October 1st for a business trip to various points in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Caroline L. Shaw has been very ill, but Dr. Henderson reports her condition as much improved.

Mrs. Albrow, who has been the summer guest of Mrs. M. E. Dowd, left recently for her home in Buffalo.

William Brooks, Rev. Peter Altpetri and Emmet Luedeke, all of Buffalo, spent a few days here this week.

Maude Smith and family left the 5th inst. for the Fredonia grape fields, where they will remain during the season.

Miss Mabel Strait of New York City came last week to remain for several weeks. She is the guest of Mrs. J. C. Shults.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Pierce are preparing to go to Fredonia, where they will spend the winter on one of A. S. Dayton's grape farms.

A letter just received from Mrs. Evie P. Bach reports her as sight-seeing at the noted places in Colorado. Thence she goes to Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Edna Lothamer and daughter, Margaret, who spent the summer here, left the 4th inst. for Buffalo, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. M. E. Havens returned October 2nd from a two-weeks' visit among friends in Canton, O. She left again the 5th for her home in Rochester.

D. P. Stevens, a retired merchant of Fredonia, who has been for nearly two years the victim of paralysis, is taking pneumatic treatment with Dr. Hyde.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Jackson left the 5th inst. for Arcade, N. Y., where they expect to remain several weeks, the guests of Mr. Jackson's son, who resides there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Morse left the 5th inst. for Canton, Pa., where Mr. Morse's mother is very ill. From there they will go on to Lake Helen, Fla., for the winter.

Mrs. Mary Hardenburg left the 4th inst. for Willoughby, O., where she will be the guest for a week of Mrs. J. D. Palmer, when the two will go to Lake Helen, Fla., for the winter.

Miss Agnes Fisher, who has been under Dr. Henderson's care for several months, with a complication of ailments, is convalescing finely, and is now getting out for fresh air drives.

The Old Fashioned Dance of October 2nd had a large attendance, and was decided a great success by all present. Some of our citizens are now talking of a Hunter's Moon Dance, late in October.

Cassadaga, which usually gives Lily Dale dances a liberal patronage, will give a dance at Richardson's Hall on Saturday evening, October 12th. She gives the Dalians a special invitation to attend.

Mrs. D. W. Henderson left October 5th for Franklin, Pa., called there by the illness of her sister, Mrs. W. A. Adams. She expects to return again to the Dale before leaving for the winter.

Miss Grace C. Marson, a noted stenographer of Buffalo, is taking pneumatic treatments with Dr. Hyde, for impaired finger action, due to excess of type-writing. She is a guest at the Fisher cottage.

Warren L. Danforth, the father of Miss H. H. Danforth, celebrated his 88th birthday September 17th. Mr. Danforth's general health is good and though weak physically, he retains all his mental faculties to a marked degree, except hearing. He is a great reader, yet he has not worn glasses for more than ten years. He is tenderly cared for by his daughter.

Pillow Climbing.

In the middle of the floor some distance apart place sofa cushions, lamps, bric-a-brac, etc. From among the company choose a very smart young man who has never "hoaxed" and ask him to walk over the course between these articles, so as to fix in his mind the situation and distances of the various things. He is then blindfolded and directed to thread his way among them so as not to touch one. Very gingerly he will take his steps and wind about over the floor, and when, triumphant over his success, the handkerchief is taken from his eyes he is greatly surprised to see that not an article remains on the floor. All were quickly and quietly removed while he was being blindfolded. It is great fun to see him moving cautiously and tacking here and there to avoid impediments that do not exist.

Buffalo Notes.

Not many months ago Mrs. Dillon, who was well-known at Lily Dale, passed to spirit life. She had a very close friend in Mrs. Ann Donovan. She, too, was a visitor at the Dale, and was there this past summer, and although 83 years of age was quite lively most of the time. But on September 7th she returned to Buffalo and was not at that time feeling at her best. After arriving home she attended the meetings at the Temple, to hear Mrs. Lillie, Sunday, September 22d, being the last visit, and Tuesday, September 24th, she was taken with pneumonia. Her daughter tells me that her mother was unconscious most of the time during the few days of her sickness, and Sunday, September 29th, the ministering angel beckoned her spirit to leave the mortal sphere and take up its abode in the spheres of eternal existence. The funeral services were solemnized at her home, 496 Front avenue, October 2nd. Her loved companion, who preceded her to realms of spirit some years ago, welcomed her to the shore of border land. Mrs. Donovan was loved by all who knew her. She always wore a smiling face, also met her earth friends with a kind greeting.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. O. A. Keeler of Washington, D. C., have been making a short visit in Buffalo, at the home of Mrs. Starr, 398 Jersey street. Mr. Keeler has been demonstrating his psychic gift, slate writing and spirit messages. Mr. W. A. Phillips of 44 North Division street exhibited to the writer slate writing he had received through Mr. Keeler's psychic power that ought to convince any reasonable person of the truth of the claim that it was a genuine spirit message. Mr. and Mrs. Keeler leave Buffalo October 7th for a few days' visit to New York City, then to their home in Washington.

Pittsburg Note.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 18, 1907.

Mr. Frank Walker:
Dear Sir: From the First Church of Spiritualists, Bouquet street, Pittsburg, come wishes for success in your work.

Our church opened September 1st, with Mrs. Katie Ham as worker. The attendance, so far, has been very good.

Our Lyceum, which meets Sunday, at 10, promises success. To hear the little folks sing makes one's heart glad.

Regular services Sundays 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Thursdays at 7:45 p. m.

Ladies' Aid Thursday afternoons at 3. Visitors from other cities are cordially invited to attend our church, where Truth can be had for the asking.

Philadelphia Note.

The Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, formerly a Baptist clergyman, officiates at the Temple of the First Association of Spiritualists, founded 1852. Lyceum founded 1864. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Lyceum, 2:30 p. m.
Capt. Francis J. Pepper, President.
F. H. Morrell, Secretary.

The annual meeting will be held Monday, October 7th.

From Obscurity to Renown.

An ancient well, once surrounded by walls eight feet high, in "Yeolung field," Trewharry Mead, a valley about three miles from Clarendon, near the village of Kemble, is the source known as Thames head. In summer no sign of water or of water plants can be found near it. Its walls are now down, and thickly interlaced vines and brush hide it from view. In winter it overflows, floods the valley and contributes its little force to the greatest of island rivers. Thus from an obscure, hidden and neglected origin England's historic river swells and flows on until, upon its pellucid bosom above Folly bridge to its brackish waters below the Tower of London, it nurses everything from an infant's gentle pleasures to the sinister tragedies of the greatest city in the world.—From "In Thamesland."

A Trade In Learning.

"I want you," said the old farmer, "to give the boy 'bout six or eight dollars' worth o' learnin'." For instance, I'll start him on three bushels o' corn; then, when that's out, I'll keep him a-movin' on a couple o' smokehouse hams, an' I may decide to give you a young heifer to 'larn him writin' an' a home raised cow for a leetle 'rithmetic."

"Do you want him to learn any of the higher branches?"
"Well, after he climbs a leetle you might throw in 'bout a bushel or two o' 'em, or say 'bout a quarter o' beef's worth."—Atlanta Constitution.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF THE LATE

Athelston Gaston

OF MEADVILLE, PA.

Your interesting sketch of Hon. Athelston Gaston, in the last Sunflower, will be read with sad interest by many hundreds—or thousands—who have known him in his various public capacities, but more especially those who have known him as a friend and benefactor in the many and varied experiences of private life. The last sad rites were conducted at his late home, on Chestnut street, Meadville, Pa., where many hundreds have been made welcome and royally entertained as his friends, and especially Spiritualists and mediums.

It is four years since his cultured and spiritually unfolded companion (Thankful) passed beyond the veil, and the funeral services were conducted by the same speakers and in the same order for both. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Clara Watson, and the writer, each paid their loving tribute to the memory of the public benefactor, the private friend and the loyal Spiritualist, in his several aspects of life, and the shadow of death was painted with rainbow splendor and attractive beauty in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience and the painful shock of the tragic change was softened by the inspired utterances of the speakers and choice music rendered, all sweetly harmonious and tenderly pathetic.

Mrs. Richmond delivered the principal address, occupying thirty-five minutes, and the writer followed in a ten-minute talk, and Clara Watson spoke eloquently at the grave. Her effort was especially fine, and amid the autumnal murmurs and musical cadences, echoing through the airy silences and hymning the prophecies of nature that breathe from the lips of death, she evoked the tenderest echoes in every heart, and made the grave seem like an enchanted garden where our beloved friend was gathering the perfumes of immortal flowers, and listening to the "music of the spheres." The hour for the services, 3 o'clock, did not admit of lengthy discourse, not enough for each speaker to express the wealth of thought and feeling that the occasion crowded into the soul, but much was condensed into forty-five minutes at the house, and a whole sermon was poured out like a summer shower in the brief ten minutes that glowed in Mrs. Watson's inspired address at the grave.

The tragic event which took Hon. Athelston Gaston's spirit from its earthly abiding-place seems like a special fate. Mr. Johnson, who fired the fatal shot, was a bosom friend and special guest of the man whose life was so suddenly cut short by his fatal aim. Moreover, I am informed that he and Mr. Gaston have many times hunted together in the same woods, and he is noted for being one of the most prudent and careful hunters that ever went to the woods, and that he has often cautioned young hunters, and always told them to use great care, and never to shoot until they knew what they were shooting at. When I met Mr. Gaston at Lily Dale last August he was looking better than I had seen him in a year. He told me he was going again to the north woods in Canada soon and might remain there a month or two, as it was so helpful to his health. I felt an inward protest then and impelled to say, "Don't go. There is danger for you." But I put it aside as an idle impulse, or freak of fancy, and if I had spoken my thought it is not likely it would have changed his plans at all.

But this is the primitive plan of individual life, and by the laws of progressive evolution all human beings are pushed forward and upward, whether they wish it or not, and death is a crisis in the progressive order by which we are carried forward to another state, but not out of our normal individuality. Though we may shrink from the critical moment, it is sure to lead us to a larger life and more attractive associations, and bring us into joyful realization of sweet reunions, reviving memories, and exultant experiences thrilled with the consciousness that we have entered upon the second stage of eternal progress, from which there can be no retreat, and in which we are to be ever reaching toward the unattained, with limitless opportunities for improvement in all that counts for happiness and the fulfillment of immortal uses. With this vision before us we can face the pale messenger with a smile of triumph and a glow of thanksgiving.

Athelston Gaston is now in the second state of individual evolution, and his large preparation for the higher mission, through his labors of love and study of life and its relations here and hereafter, must open to his new phase of consciousness a beautiful realization of the meaning of all his labors and trials, and the eternal value of worthy motives and kindly deeds and blessings he has so often dispensed to the unfortunate, the oppressed, the destitute and forlorn, and the friendship cemented by superior moral sentiments will bloom with eternal joy in the society of the noble, the pure and harmonious humanitarians, in the summerland of love, peace and fraternity.

LYMAN C. HOWE.
170 Liberty St., Fredonia, N. Y.

BROTHER PETER, LET HIM IN.

The September number of the Message of Life, a bright little Spiritualist paper, published at Levin, New Zealand, has the following, of particular interest to all who know (and who does not?) the venerable "Globe-Trotter," Dr. J. M. Peebles:

Dr. Peebles, the venerable Spiritualist lecturer, who recently celebrated his 84th birthday in Melbourne, and who has traveled five times round the world in the service of the cause of Spiritualism, once wrote a friend of his as follows: "And there is brother Herman Snow, once a Unitarian clergyman, now a Spiritualist of good practical sense. We have fought in the same army, under official commission from the angels. Up there I shall be writing on the defensive when the celestial courts try him! And this shall be my plea: 'Worthy of admission, for he belongs to the Divine Church of Humanity, having prayed in deeds of love. Let him in, Brother Peter!'"

On reading these words during a recent perusal of The Life of Dr. Peebles, the spirit came upon me mightily, and constrained me to write automatically (yet according to my long-continued custom) the following verses:—

Let him in, for he is worthy,
Having conquered sense and sin;
He hath wrought in love a lifetime;
Brother Peter, let him in.
If in life is any merit,
If there's praise for all who win,
Let this brother into Heaven—
Brother Peter, let him in.

Some would say man has no merit,
Since his virtues all begin
In God's mercy. Stuff and nonsense!
Brother Peter, let him in
God is merciful, yet righteous.
Spite of earth's dogmatic din,
As man soweth so he reapeth,
Brother Peter, let him in.

And the same of Dr. Peebles,
When he comes his crown to claim,
I would say—The man is worthy,
Brother Peter, let him in,
Bear him forth, ye hosts of angels,
Where the air is warm and thin,
To his brother bands of helpers—
Brother Peter, let him in.

Then, in spite of life's long labor,
His true work will just begin;
And he will be with us always—
Brother Peter, let him in.
Righteousness of love and service
Purges all our dross and tin;
And it is of God's own essence—
Brother Peter, let him in.

And if we can stand such judgment,
Counting all as kith and kin,
There will be no need for praying,
Brother Peter, let him in.
We shall find Jehovah's kingdom
Has already formed within;
And we have essential Heaven—
Oh, Great Spirit, let us in.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.
The Universal Institute, Nelson.

NEED OF A MASTER HAND.

Why Real Grit Will Keep Improvement Societies Alive.

For the organization and continuance of an improvement society it is necessary that two or more shall agree that under no circumstances will they allow it to die, says the Los Angeles Times. Such persistence will at times be needed, and without previous agreement of a few with strong moral spines the organization would dissolve during these periods of lowest ebb.

It will never do to turn the society into a literary organization, as many do, to the exclusion of progressive work. It is not the ultimate purpose to merely meet once a week or month. Work must be done, and this takes real grit—backbone—likewise executive ability, and the real hard drive of the work is sure to fall on two or three who will at times be sorely tried in many ways. "While the sky is fair and the wind blows free" there will be no dearth of help, but when the storm breaks a master must be on deck with one or two to stay through the rough sailing. If this is done the society can never die, and, no matter how little is accomplished, the organization has not been in vain.

In Alhambra there has been a number of societies having for their chief purpose the beautifying of the city. Other organizations have included such work in their list of duties and responsibilities. One after another went to pieces, yet as soon as one had been pronounced lifeless another was organized, and the community managed to have the question of improvement brought out in some form each year. Last year three societies were approaching the grave in a neck to neck race when it was thought by a combination of energy one might live. Little by little the interest and membership in the combined forces faded away until only one grim old warrior stood conspicuous, and he had been in every battle fought for many years. To be sure, he was surrounded by a few supporters. This man tried every possible way to avoid dissolution and finally achieved success, and the unusually strong and progressive improvement society Alhambra has today is largely due to the persistence of Dr. F. E. Corey. Those belonging to similar organizations would do well to remember that one staunch soul, standing firm and true, battling ever against the current, will usually bring the boat safe to shore.

Under the Rose.

Sub rosa means literally "under the rose." The phrase dates from 477 B. C., when Pausanias, the commander of the confederated fleet of Spartans and Athenians, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes to betray Greece to the Persian ruler and to obtain in marriage the hand of the monarch's daughter. The negotiations were carried on under a roof which was covered with roses and were matured literally "under the rose." Pausanias, however, was betrayed and to escape arrest fled to the temple of Minerva. The sanctity of this place forbidding intrusion for violence of any kind, the people walled up the edifice with stones and left the fugitive to die of starvation. His own mother laid the first stone. It afterward became a custom among the Athenians to wear a rose when they had confidential compliments to make, the flower implying strict secrecy. It was also customary among the ancient Germans on the occasions of festivity to suspend a rose above the table as a token that whatever was said during the feast should be kept secret among themselves. In 1526 a rose was placed over confessionals in Roman Catholic churches.

N. H. Eddy

ASTROLOGER

And Character Reader.

110 Prospect Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life Readings by mail, \$1.00 and upwards. Trial Readings, 25 cents and 2 two-cent stamps. Send sex, time, place, and if possible hour of birth. These readings are of great benefit to business men, and to parents in dealing with their children. Many mistakes are avoided by having a horoscope of a child, showing its natural tendencies.

Circulars, with full explanation of different price, or Detail Readings Sent Free Upon Application.

The Wonder Wheel. An Astrological Game. Any one can give a perfect reading after a few hours practice. An instructive and amusing device for an evening party or to mystify your friends. You ask them the date of birth, and in a few minutes you tell them all about themselves. Price, with book for instructions, \$1.00. Postage, 10 cents.

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Astrology in a Nut Shell. A book of 150 pages, filled to overflowing with plain, logical instructions in Astrology. Tells how to read your own horoscope, and how to tell the favorable time in each year. Twenty-seven pages questions and answers. Price, postpaid, \$1.50.

SOME THINGS MRS. LILLIE THINKS.

California Woman Says All the World Will Be Spiritualists in 200 Years from Now.

Less than a decade of years ago it was quite unusual to see anything published in the secular papers concerning Spiritualism or the ideas of its advocates, except, perhaps, to slur, ridicule or misrepresent. But now, in many of our up-to-date dailies like the New York American, Buffalo Courier, Buffalo Enquirer and St. Louis Globe-Democrat, many articles of respectful importance concerning the Spiritual philosophy, and bearing upon the continuity of life, find prominent acceptance and are treated with that consideration which is due them.

Our esteemed sister and co-worker, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, formerly of Melrose, Mass., but now of Santa Barbara, Cal., who served the First Society of Spiritualists of Buffalo during September, received from the liberal Enquirer of October 1st the following notice of her lecture delivered at the Spiritualist Temple, corner of Prospect avenue and Jersey street, Buffalo, Sunday evening, September 29th:

Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Santa Barbara, Cal., declares that in 200 years from now it will not be necessary to hold Spiritualist meetings to teach the philosophy of Spiritualism, nor will it be necessary to attend seances for proofs of the continuity of life on the other side. The professional medium will have gone out of business long before then, for everybody will be a medium in the twenty-second century, and everybody will realize the wonderful difference between Spiritualism and materialism so fully that there will be no call for men and women to devote their lives to preaching the difference, from pulpit and platform.

Mrs. Lillie is one of the country's strongest advocates of spiritual revelation and philosophy. Few platform speakers on psychic subjects have as strong a hold on the thinking public as this woman, and this accounts largely for the large audiences that greeted her recently at the First Spiritualist Church.

Mrs. Lillie told her audiences that Spiritualists have absolutely no fear of death or of a hell. They have reached out above the quagmire of material things and begun to realize their kinship to a higher source. They recognize, in fact, that they are really children of God and knowing their relationship to the fountain head of the universe they endeavor to live up to the obligations placed upon them—that is, if they are real Spiritualists. They believe that it is possible for a man to purge his nature of the undesirable things of earth, no difference how low he may have fallen, and so spiritualize himself as to be a shining light to all about him. The divine spark is to be found in every soul, and appealed to it will grow until the so-called sinner shall become a righteous man—that is, one from whose soul shall radiate love, kindness and good fellowship.

Spiritualists hold meetings today simply to show people how to extricate themselves from the bonds of materialism and to furnish them conclusive proof of spirit return. They are trying to prove to the world that death only attunes man to higher things, and that the power that is to save him is generated from within.

"I am often asked, Will Spiritualism be the religion of the future?" said Mrs. Lillie. "My answer is, common sense will be the religion of the future. Inside of two hundred years the kind of religion preached on earth today will be set aside and labeled a relic of the past."

Mrs. Lillie goes from here to Washington, D. C., where she will attend the National Spiritualist Convention. Then she returns to the Pacific Coast. Prof. Lockwood resumes his duties as pastor of the Prospect Avenue Temple next Sunday.

Reassuring.

"Now, be careful how you drive, caddy, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house and look out for those dreadful railway vans."

"Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'ospital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"—London Tit-Bits.

How to Save Lining of Ladies' Jackets.
To save lining under arm of ladies' jackets cut heart shaped piece of velvet, same color or harmonizing with lining, and sew in arm with fancy silk stitch (up) to fit into arm-hole) before sewing in sleeve lining. This saves relining.

SILENCES.

'T WAS in the city's crowded mart
'Mid clash and rumble, rush and strife,
Where all things seemed to form in part
A crested wave of restless life;
When all at once the place grew still,
E'en at the rushing noontide hour,
As if controlled by higher will
Of some majestic, unseen power.

A pause came o'er the eager throng,
And wonder grew in every face,
As if some sweeter, holier song
Had swept its music o'er the place.
'Twas but a moment—then once more
The tide of traffic claimed its way,
And noise and bustle, rush and roar
Again held undisputed sway.

E'en so along life's restless road
There sometimes comes a hush of peace.
A little time we drop the load
When angels bid the tumult cease.
Sweet voices from the viewless land
Speak in a silent undertone.
We feel the pressure of a hand
Long vanished, resting in our own.

A moment, and the cares of life,
Like restless billows, round us roll;
But we are strengthened for the strife
By this brief silence of the soul.
O these sweet lulls, whose sacred calm
Falls o'er us 'mid our weary cares—
God's way of sending healing balm
In answer to our broken prayers.

EMMA TRAIN.

Anniversary Celebration.

The first anniversary and Spiritualist mass meeting of Plymouth Spiritual Church, Rochester, N. Y., will be celebrated October 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1907. Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. The mass meeting will be under the direction of the trustees of New York State Association, H. W. Richardson, President, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1907. Conference each morning at 10:30. Afternoon and evening, lectures and psychic demonstrations.

The following speakers and workers have been engaged:

The venerable Dr. J. M. Peebles, the world renowned missionary of Spiritualism and reform.

Dr. Edgar W. Emerson, the celebrated trance lecturer and message medium.

Mrs. Helen P. Russeque, the inspired orator and noted psychometrist.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, the popular lecturer, medium and state missionary.

Dr. J. J. Lewis, the renowned orator and entertainer.

Prof. A. J. Maxham, the "Sankey of the Spiritual rostrum."

Prof. W. M. Lockwood, the distinguished scientist and orator.

Many mediums for the various phases of Spiritual phenomena are expected, among them the following:

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, for slate writing.

Dell Herrick, for spirit voices.

Floy Cottrell, the wonderful wrapping medium, and others.

The pastor of Plymouth Church is the Rev. B. A. Austin, M. A., D. D., and will have charge of the celebration and take an active part in the mass meeting.

All these services are open to the public.

A Dog Detective.

In 1829 a peasant was found murdered in a wood in the department of the Loire, France, with his dog sitting near the body. No clue could at first be gained as to the perpetrators of the crime, and the victim's widow continued to live in the same cottage, accompanied always by the faithful dog. In February, 1837, two men, apparently travelers, stopped at the house, requesting shelter from the storm, which was then granted, but no sooner had the dog seen them than he flew at them with great fury and would not be pacified. As they were quitting the house one of them said to the other, "That rascally dog has not forgotten us." This raised the suspicion of the widow, who overheard it, and she applied to the gendarmes in the neighborhood, who followed and arrested the men. After a long examination one of the criminals confessed—Ralph Neville in Outing Magazine.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF THE TEMPLE FUND SOCIETY.

The annual convention of the Temple Fund Society of the United States will be held in the small hall connected with Masonic Hall, in the city of Washington, D. C., where the N. S. A. will hold its convention, Tuesday evening, October 15, 1907.

This session will be from 7 to 8 p. m., so as not to interfere with attendance at the night sessions of the N. S. A., and will be continued from time to time, during the N. S. A. convention, until its business is transacted. The official business will be hearing of reports, election of officers, and transaction of any business necessary to the society.

All members who shall pay dues for the succeeding year, will be entitled to take part.

Whether you can attend, or not, we hope to have your membership, for the next fiscal year—October 15, 1907, to October 15, 1908.

WIFE OR CHILD, WHICH?

An Ingenious Problem With Two Interesting Equations.

Some time ago George was bragging about never having told a lie, and he said he never would. An Irishman, hearing the assertion, made a wager with George that he could make him tell a lie in two minutes.

So Pat began: "Supposing you and your little child and her friend were out in a boat for a row; the boat suddenly capsized, and you were all thrown into the water. Now, which child would you save?" asked Pat.

"Well," answered George, "under the circumstances I should save my own in preference to any one else's child."

"Very good," answered Pat. "Now, suppose you and your wife and child were out for a row and the boat again capsized. Now, which of them would you save, your wife or your child?"

After a thoughtful pause, George answered that he would save his wife.

"There you are," cried Pat. "You said at first that you would rather save your child in preference to any one else's, but now you say that you would save your wife, who is somebody else's child."—Pearson's Weekly.

Greenland Whales.

The great Greenland whale has no teeth, its baleen plates, or whalebone, taking their place. Along the center of the palate runs a strong ridge, and on each side of this there is a wide depression along which the plates are inserted. These are long and flat, hanging free, and are placed across the mouth with their sides parallel and near each other. The base and outer edge of the plates are of solid whalebone, but the inner edges are fringed, filling up the interior of the mouth and acting as a strainer for the food, which consists of the small swimming mollusks and medusae or jellyfish.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

Of the National Spiritualist Association Will be Held in Masonic Temple, F and Ninth Sts. N. W., Washington, D. C., October 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, 1907.

Day sessions, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., will be devoted to business only. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these business meetings, to which no admission fee is charged. Evening exercises will consist of grand programs of varied and entertaining numbers, including vocal and instrumental selections by talented artists; lectures and spirit messages at each meeting by many of the most noted and gifted platform mediums of the country.

Among those who have been invited and expect to be present and participate in the evening services are W. J. Colville, Mr. H. P. Resseque, Mesdames Clara Watson, R. S. Lillie, Zaida B. Kates, Elizabeth Harlow, Elizabeth Lowe Watson, Messrs. Dr. George A. Fuller, J. Clegg Wright, Oscar A. Edgerly, Albert P. Blinn, speakers.

Mediums, Mesdames C. D. Pruden, Katie Ham, Georgia G. Cooley, E. W. Sprague, Alice Sexsmith, M. T. Longley, and others.

Come one and all to this great convention of five days.

Certificate tickets will not be arranged for this year, but special excursion rates at lower value can be secured from all points by visitors and delegates purchasing tickets for Jamestown Exposition with stop over privileges of ten days at Washington. Call for these at your railroad offices and stations.

The Ebbitt House, 14th and F. streets, N. W., Washington, D. C., will be the hotel for our people. The Ebbitt is well located, within walking distance of Masonic Temple, and a handsome hotel; its usual rates, American plan, are from \$4.00 a day up; our special rates there are \$2.50 per day, two persons in a room. Write to the Manager and secure your rooms.

The Annual Reception will be omitted this year, owing to five days' Convention. The sessions will begin Monday, October 14, 10 a. m.

All are cordially invited.

HARRISON D. BARRET,

President.

MARY T. LONGLEY,

Secretary.

AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION.

To Be Presented for Action at N. S. A. Convention October, 1907.

1. Individual membership through associated bodies to pay to N. S. A. one dollar annually, instead of twenty-five cents, as heretofore.

2. In place of two dollars for each society belonging to State Associations, State Associations shall pay five dollars.

MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec'y.

Cordial greetings and good wishes to the editor of the Sunflower, from N. S. A. Headquarters; we are very glad that the little paper has fallen into such good and efficient hands.

M. T. L.

Stop-over Tickets.

Washington D. C., September 25, 1907. Notice—Delegates and visitors to N. S. A. convention are hereby notified that stop-over of ten days will be permitted at Washington, D. C.—either direction—on Jamestown Exposition tickets. This operates on all railroad lines throughout the country. Full details concerning these excursion tickets can be obtained from ticket agents at all points.

MARY T. LONGLEY,
Secretary, N. S. A.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Spiritualists of New York State.

Dates are now being arranged for State Association meetings and the work of our State organizer and missionary for the fall and winter campaign commencing September 1.

We shall be glad to hear from Spiritualists from all parts of the State, especially in localities where there are no organized societies, with a view to making arrangements for the holding of State Association meetings.

We urge each Spiritualist to co-operate with the State Board in this matter, and request that you let us hear from you soon with information as to conditions in your locality. Write either to Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., or to the president of the State Association.

H. W. RICHARDSON, Pres.
East Aurora, New York.

Who dispenses his light freely will have companions in arms.

BANGS SISTERS

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Send 10c in stamps or silver for new booklet containing illustrations of our work and directions on home development of Mediumship.

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BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

—BY—

Moses and Mattie E. Hull.

Spiritual Songster.

By Mattie E. Hull. Fifty-eight of Mrs. Hull's sweetest songs, adapted to popular music, for the use of congregations, circles and families. Price, 10 cents, or \$6.00 per hundred.

The Old and the New;

or, The World's Progress in Religious Thought. In this pamphlet Moses Hull shows the advancement of the world from its infancy to the present maturity. Price, 10 cents.

All About Devils;

or, An Inquiry as to whether Modern Spiritualism and other Great Reforms came from Evil Spirits, Satan, and His Subordinates in the Kingdom of Darkness. By Moses Hull. 60 pages. Price 15 cents.

Spirit Echoes.

A collection of Mrs. Hull's latest and best poems, neatly printed and bound in beveled board. Especially fine to read from in opening meetings and on funeral occasions. It has Mrs. Hull's latest portrait. Price, 75 cents.

Two in One.

A volume of nearly 500 pages, with excellent portrait of the author. There is more Spiritual, Scientific and Historic argument for Spiritualism in this book than any other Moses Hull ever wrote. It contains stores of argument which cannot be gainsaid. Price, post paid, \$1.00.

The Spiritual Birth; or, Death and its Tomorrow.

The Spiritual Idea of Death, Heaven and Hell. By Moses Hull. This pamphlet besides giving the Spiritualistic interpretations of many things in the Bible never before given, explains the heavens and the hells believed in by Spiritualists. Price, 10 cents.

The Real Issue.

By Moses Hull. (Only a few left and not to be reprinted.) A compound of two pamphlets, "The Irrepressible Conflict," and "Your Answer or Your Life," with important additions making a book of 160 pages. This book contains statistics, facts and documents on the tendency of the times. Every one should have it. Price, 10 cents.

Swept Away.

A sermon by Moses Hull on some of the sins of our makers, in which the "Heaven of Lies" heaped up as reasons for sinful legislation has been "Swept Away." This pamphlet should be read by every one interested in the condition of our country and how to improve it. 28 pages. Only a few left and not to be reprinted. Price reduced to 5 cents.

The Spiritual Alps and How We

Ascend Them;

or, A few thoughts on how to reach that altitude where the spirit is supreme and all things are a subject to it. With portrait. By Moses Hull. Just the work to teach you that you are a spiritual being, and to show you how to educate your spiritual faculties. Second edition just published. Price, bound in cloth, 35 cts.; in paper cover, 25 cents.

Joan, The Medium;

or, The Inspired Medium of Orleans. By Moses Hull. This is at once the most truthful history of Joan of Arc and one of the most convincing arguments on Spiritualism ever written. Victor Hugo said: "Joan of Arc was the only person in history who was not deceived at the age of 15 years, and the only general who never made a mistake." No novel was ever more interesting; no history more true than this pamphlet. Price, cloth covers, 25 cents, paper 15 cents.

Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism,

With Portrait of the Author.

This is one of the most entertaining books that ever came from the pen of Moses Hull. It contains references to several hundred places in the Bible where Spiritualism is proved or implied, and exhibits the Bible in a new light. Besides this, it contains a brief sketch of what is known of the origin of the books of the Bible. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, judges, congressmen and senators read and grow enthusiastic over this book. This Encyclopedia will work a revolution in Bible interpretation. Price, post-paid, \$1.00.

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A Voice from the Higher Criticism. The latest of Moses Hull's Books, with portrait, 432 pages. While this book furnishes a more definite inside knowledge of the Bible and its contents, how and when it was made, and how it is to be interpreted than any other book in the line of Liberal Literature, it also gives a brief history of the Canon, and of other Bibles and religions. Everyone needs it as a hand-book of definite knowledge of Bibles—their origin and contents. Price, post-paid, \$1.00. A small edition has been printed on thinner paper, which will be sent post-paid for 75 cts.

The Hull-Jamieson Debate.

The Greatest Debate ever held on Spiritualism. Between Moses Hull, President Morris Pratt Institute, Whitewater, Wis., and W. F. Jamieson, Secretary of the National Liberal Party, Cincinnati, O. Portraits and brief auto-biographies of the disputants, 412 pages. This debate, held at Lily Dale, N. Y., July 10-30, 1901, contains 32 speeches of from 30 to 40 minutes each, in length. It contains the latest store of facts and arguments on every side of the great question of Spiritualism that can be found in any one volume in the world. It is a high-toned Polemic discussion, and in no sense of the word, a fight or quarrel. Price, post paid, \$1.00.

The Christs of the Past and Present

or, A Comparison of the Christ Work or Mediumship or Biblical Messiahs, and the Conditions they required, with Similar Manifestations in Modern Spiritualism. A revision and enlargement of "Jesus and the Mediums." A careful comparison of the Spiritualism and Mediumship of the Bible with that of today. By Moses Hull. An invincible argument, proving that Jesus was only a medium, subject to all the conditions of modern mediumship. It also shows that all the manifestations throughout the Old and New Testaments were under the same conditions that mediums require today; and that the coming of Christ is the return of mediumship to the world. Price 15 cents. A few bound in cloth, 25 cents.

HUMANITY'S EFFORT TO GAIN LIBERTY.

Rev. G. W. Kates Preaches at First Spiritual Temple, Baltimore, on From Bondage to Freedom.

At the First Spiritual Temple, on Franklin street, Rev. George W. Kates, the pastor, spoke on the subject, From Bondage to Freedom. He referred to the history of humanity as one incessant effort to gain personal and mental liberty, saying in part:

National life has been an incessant bondage for the people under dogmatic powers, until serfdom and slavery were common conditions in human history, whilst privileged classes enjoyed special rights over the bodies and souls of peasant subjects. And such nations were allied with church rule as the superior power, from which the state gained its prerogatives. The alliance of church and state has ever been for human degradation and the perpetuation of human slavery. The past is replete with the destruction of human freedom. Religious wars have been the most terrible of all human strife for supremacy. Mohammedans have killed Christians for the glory of Allah, and to enforce upon the world Pagan superstitions; and the Christians have killed Pagans in order to gain an earthly kingdom for God and to force the worship of Jesus and the Virgin. The crusades and inquisition will ever stand in history as the greatest evidence of bigoted cruelty. Slavery and crime in the name of God have been terrible blots upon religious, bigoted and superstitious connection of church with state. And yet many ask that ancestral ideas and systems should be perpetuated. Nothing is apt to be more damnable than ancient bigotry.

The speaker recited many instances of religious cruelty, and then continued:

Shall we worship at ancient shrines, when these terrible events are the natural results thereof? These horrors should be told, because all should know the dangers lurking in religious history. No close union of church and state must occur in this land of religious liberty. All who have suffered and died for the freedom of conscience we enjoy should be held in honored memory, and all who have forced intolerance and cruelty in the name of God should go to posterity in infamy. We hold Roman emperors in infamous esteem for persecutions of early Christians, and the Christian priests who led the Christian bigots into the most terrible of slaughter and desecration have no place in our esteem, other than as cruel monsters. But all Christians who met martyrdom for their opinions have our loving reverence. They were convinced of a life beyond this, and that gave the courage and sublimity of character that now should enthrone us to stand steadfast to truth. We should honor all heroes who have suffered for human progress. Free thought is always a leader from bondage to freedom. Priestly rule has always been toward bondage.

A free republic and free religion are necessarily co-operative, and the one cannot well exist without the other. Spiritualism leads us out of all bondage, mental and spiritual, and establishes reason as the only true safeguard. Spiritualism frees us from fear, sorrow, error, bigotry, persecution, ignorance, doubt, despair, an angry God or tempting devil, and from the prospect of eternal damnation.

Spiritualism teaches the caste of character, the religion of deeds, the divinity of humanity, human brotherhood, intellectual culture, demands knowledge to supplant blind faith, and proves progressive development in the continuity of life beyond the grave. Thus selfish heavens are being destroyed, and eternal hells are known to be impossible. A Methodist minister in the backwoods somewhere lately thanked God for an old-fashioned hell, and many of the deacons said, "Amen!" We are glad to say that from the bondage of hell into the freedom of heaven humanity is today being led by scientists, and theologians are following in the wake until the proclamations is quite general that eternity has salvation for all souls. Cant is losing followers, and the soul-bonds of humanity are being loosened. Truth is winning its way. Mental and spiritual freedom gives no license for personal responsibility is proven, and vicious atonement shown to be a scientific fallacy. All hail to the star of science! All hail to human progress and the freedom of conscience to worship God according to its dictates!—Baltimore American, Sept. 30.

Jealous vibrations arise from the lowest stratum of human consciousness.

FAREWELL OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

COMPANION, dear, the hour draws nigh,
The sentence speeds to die, to die.

So long in mystic union held,
So close with strong embrace compelled.
How can'st thou bear the dread decree
That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?
To him, who on this mortal shore,
The same encircling vestments wore.
To him I look, to him I bend,
To him thy shuddering frame commend.
If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing heart, the burning brain
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength did fail.
Forgive, forgive, thy task doth cease,
Friend, lover, let us part in peace.
If thou did'st sometimes check my force,
Or trifling stay mine upward course,
Or lure from heaven my wavering trust,
I blame thee not, the strife is done.
I knew thou wert the meeker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.
Well hast thou in my service wrought;
Thy brow hath mirrored forth my thought.
To wear my smile thy lips hath glowed,
Thy tear to speak, my sorrow flowed.
Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies.
Thy hands my prompted deeds have done,
Thy feet upon my errands run.
Yes, thou hast worked my bidding well,
Faithful and true, farewell, farewell.

The soul acts with the speed of lightning; there is no material manifestation, no friction, no noise, though she outstrips the sunbeams in the race. Her form shall cast no shadow as she passes, nor jostle a dew drop from the morning flowers. All this she can do because she is a spirit. Were she of earth she must needs move like earthly things, and like them, might perish at last; but spurning the dull tediousness of inert matter, she acts like a celestial being, and thus proclaims both her title to, and her fitness for an immortal state of existence. DR. LEVI J. ALEXANDER.

352 Myrtle Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

BLACKBEARD.

The Tragic End of the Bloodthirsty English Pirate.

All the world has heard of "Blackbeard," the English sailor who, after having been a highly respected officer in his majesty's navy, turned pirate and raised the black flag against everything afloat.

This notorious sea robber, whose real name was Teach, I believe, took his pseudonym from the fact that he wore a very heavy black beard, which he was in the habit of doing up in two large braids and tying them up behind his ears. He was a man of gigantic proportions and of surpassing strength. His heart was as cruel as that of a tiger. Every now and then, when there was nothing else in sight, he would shoot one or two of his own men—just to keep his practice up!

In the early years of the eighteenth century Blackbeard patrolled the waters of Europe, but it finally became too hot for him there, and he struck out for the coasts of North America. How well he plied his trade in the new field is evidenced by the fact that from Nova Scotia to Florida he succeeded in making his name a mortal terror.

In a captured ship of forty guns he entered Charleston harbor and held the town up for a large ransom. From Charleston he passed into the waters of North Carolina, plundering and slaying right and left, and in their distress the "Tar Heels," being able to get no aid from their own governor, Eden, appealed to Governor Spotswood of Virginia to relieve them of the terrible pirate, who was making their lives a living hell.

Spotswood did not listen to the appeal in vain. Looking about for some one to put a quietus upon Blackbeard he found the person he wanted in one Robert Maynard, a young officer on his majesty's ship Pearl, which happened to be lying at the time in Chesapeake bay.

Manning a couple of small craft with some sixty resolute men, Maynard set out early in November, 1718, in search of Blackbeard, and on the 21st of the same month found him at Ocracoke inlet, North Carolina. Blackbeard did not know what fear was, young Maynard was as full of fight as a hungry wildcat, and the ball opened at once. The dancing was to the tune of "No Quarter!" For over three hours Maynard and his sixty men fought the pirate and his fifty associates.

Blackbeard sprang to the rail of his

ship and seizing a bottle of whiskey, drank from it and shouted, "Damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter or take any from you!" "I neither ask for nor will I give you any quarter," roared back Maynard.

In the shallow waters of the Carolina sound the pirate's ship grounded, and Maynard made for her, intending to board her in the final death grapple, but as the two vessels came together Blackbeard anticipated his intended movement and jumped aboard of him with sixteen of his followers. Maynard had but thirteen men left by this time, but with these he tackled the sixteen pirates and their desperate leader.

Crossing swords with Blackbeard, Maynard succeeded in dealing him a death thrust in the throat, and in the meantime his men had killed or wounded all of Blackbeard's followers.

With the sea robber's head swinging by its long black hair from the bowsprit of his little craft Maynard sailed back to Virginia to receive the congratulations of the governor and the loving thanks of all dwellers along the American seaboard.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in New York American.

His Interest in His Health.

An Alameda man's young hopeful was very ill, and Willie and the other little boys in the surrounding blocks had been asked not to make any noise when they played in the streets, says the San Francisco Call. The neighbor's doorbell rang one day, and she opened it to find Willie standing bashfully on her front steps. "How is he today?" he inquired in a shy whisper. "He is better, thank you, dear, and what a thoughtful child you are to come and ask." Willie stood a moment on one foot and then shifted to the other and then, the eulogy giving him fresh courage, he burst forth again, "I'm orful sorry Jimmy's sick." The mother was profoundly touched by the apparent tenderness of the child's heart. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still bolder by the caress, Willie began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals his sorrow for his playmate's illness. At the bottom step he halted and looked up. "If Jimmy should die," he asked, "kin I have his drum?"

Why They Left.

"Hello, George! What's everybody crowding out of the drawing room for? Have refreshments been announced?" George—No. But Aunt Matilda is getting ready to sing.

BOSTON NOTES.

MRS. B. W. BELCHER.

HARMONY HALL.

Mrs. Gray conducts spiritual meetings at Harmony hall, 724 Washington street. Sunday circle 11 a. m., messages 2:30 and 7:30. Tuesday and Thursday, 2:45. Best of talent present at all sessions.

COMMERCIAL HALL.

694 Washington street, Sundays at 11, 2:30 and 7:30. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2:30 p. m. Readings and tests by good mediums. N. P. Smith, conductor.

OLD LADIES HALL.

446 Tremont street, Mrs. Nellie Carleton Grover conducts spiritual circles for healing and many of the healers of Boston and vicinity are there each week giving free treatments to all who wish it. She also has many message mediums Tuesday and Friday at 2:30 p. m. of each week.

FIRST SPIRITUAL SCIENCE CHURCH.

578 Massachusetts avenue, Cambridge, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. Services at 3 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday, conducted by Mrs. Lewis and others. The public is cordially invited.

FIRST PSYCHIC CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Room 430, Huntington Chambers. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. H. G. Howard, president.

Another Nuisance.

It was the first time he was being married, and he was naturally a little nervous and upset, but he managed to say "Yes" all right and to keep time to Mendelssohn, sailing down the aisle, and to sign his name in the register without making more than a dozen blots.

He thought then that it was finished, but when they got to the church door they found it was raining.

"Confound it!" he cried, putting up his umbrella. "Another nuisance now!" And then, though he cannot guess why, the people around all laughed, and his mother-in-law bridled and his wife refused to speak.—London Answers.

The Leading Works of E. D. Babbitt, M. D.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR.

Superbly issued, royal 8vo, with over two hundred engravings and photographs. Price \$5.00. "An imposing volume of nearly 600 pages. Shows a great amount of research on the part of the author. Will prove a great acquisition to Scientific Libraries."—N. Y. Herald.

It seems to me to be the foremost scientific work of this or any other age.—Franklin Smith, Mass. From the Normal Teacher, Danville, Ind.: We believe that a new world hitherto unknown to medical men is here opened up.

RELIGION.

As revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe. No work upon the same subject has ever exceeded in interest this book of almost inestimable value. E. D. Babbitt, M. D., said, "I have read several works, some of which are worth many times their weight in gold, but Babbitt's Religion, in some points, far transcends them all." Price, Cloth, \$1.00; Paper 50c.

HUMAN CULTURE AND CURE.

In six parts, five parts being already issued. Each part postpaid. PART I. The Philosophy of Cure, including Methods and Instruments, \$1.00. PART II. Marriage, Sexual Development and Social Upbuilding, \$1.00.

PARTS III and IV in one volume: \$1.00. Part III treats of Mental and Psychological forces; Part IV of the Nervous System and its Disorders. "This work discloses for the first time the chemical mystery of mental phenomena, throws the first clear light upon the nature and processes of hypnotism and all kindred psychological phenomena which have never before been explained or understood. The subject of Phreno-psychonomy alone is of priceless value as enabling us to understand our fellow beings aright."—Prof. C. Bowman.

PART V. The Bodily Organs, their Diseases and the Great Natural Methods for their Cure, \$1.00. "I have just completed the reading of Dr. Babbitt's Human Culture and Cure, Part Fifth, and unreservedly say that it is the most wonderful book on natural methods of cure that I have ever read and the pleasure of reading.—Don. G. Husted, D. M., graduate of the Buffalo University and Principle of the Husted Institute of Chronopharmacy, Rochester, N. Y.

Head and Neck. A brief natural treatment for 110 diseases. Price 35c. "Worth its weight in diamonds." SOCIAL UPBUILDING, including the Co-operative System and Embodiment of Humanity. Paper 15c. A HIGHER SCIENCE OF MIND AND OF MATERIAL CURE, and its Relations to the Material World, an interesting little pamphlet 5c. Any of the above books can be had at this office.

Wisdom of the Ages.

This great work by Dr. George A. Fuller is inspiring, interesting and instructive. Filled with profound philosophy, fascinating mysticisms, transcendental spiritualism, lofty occultism and supreme idealism. A partial list of subjects with which it deals are as follows: Angels, Archangels and Spirits; Character, the Flower of the Soul; Causation; Death; Divine Unity; Freedom and Self-Government; Healing; Influence of Mental States; Karma; Law; Language of Spirit; Matter a State of the Substantial; Moral Code of the New Religion; Nature of Religion; Omens; Omis; Peace, Not War; Pre-existence; Reason; Sublimation; Spirit the Source of all Power; What is Right? Many other interesting topics are ably treated. Cloth, 12mo, 218 pp., \$1.00.

Dr. Agnes V. Kelley

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WILLIAM FOELSTER, PLYMOUTH CHURCH POSTAL CARD

The Spiritualists of Rochester are trying to pay for Plymouth Temple so that they can own it free from debt. They have a fine photo souvenir postal card of the church and pastor, Rev. B. F. Austin. You can get one or a hundred for 5 cents each. Address Frank L. Cushman, Secretary, 649 Sawyer street, Rochester, N. Y.

MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' DIRECTORY.

Mediums and speakers frequently lose engagements because people do not know where to find them. To avoid this have your name and address listed in this directory, under the proper heading. Speakers and public mediums who subscribe for or advertise in the Sunflower by the year, can, upon application, have their names and addresses placed in this column under one heading free of charge. If more than one heading is desired, \$1.00 per year for each heading. Those marked with a star will attend funerals.

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Mrs. Elise Stumpf, Lake Helen, Fla.
Harriet H. Danforth, Lily Dale, N. Y.
Charles Harding, 632 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
Mrs. B. W. Belcher, 293 Pleasant St., Marlboro, Mass.
C. Walter Lynn, 784 8th St., Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. O. W. Grant, 135 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Edith McCrossman, 262 East First Ave., Columbus, O.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Demarest, Lily Dale, N. Y.
Aila A. McHenry, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

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Mrs. F. E. Ellwanger, 2241 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 North 6th St., San Jose, Cal.
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Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, 230 N. 6th St., San Jose, Cal.

Hartford, Conn., April 6, 1906.

Dear Sisters:—I received your kind letter and contents, and may God bless you both for your kindness to me. I have been taking the medicine since March 28. Before taking it I was in bed over a week, could not stand on my feet, and was so faint from weakness and dizzy spells that I received two awful falls. I am now up and have been around my room for the last three days, have not had any dizzy or faint spells this week, and I feel so much stronger. The neighbors all mention the great change in me for the past three days and I have told them what did it.

I must now close, with a God bless you both for your kindness to a suffering sister.

MRS. ANNIE WARREN.

94 Chestnut Street.
Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker:—Enclosed find \$1.15 for another month's treatment. Your medicine you sent me last month did me more good than all the medicine I have taken in the four years I have been taking medicine. I sincerely hope you can keep me improving until I am myself again. You have my very best wishes for your success in healing suffering humanity.

MRS. LIENA BANKS.

Cache, Okla.
Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker:—Please send me four more magnetized papers. The four you sent last month worked wonders for a lady friend of mine. Her feet had fallen all our physicians, but now all the swelling has gone down and she is so happy and is spreading your wonderful works wherever she goes, knowing that you never failed in all these cases. Mrs. J. Wright of Prattville is now enjoying perfect health, and sends her compliments to you and your daughter. She suffered since 1877. Do you remember treating Mrs. Sarah B. Smith in 1903? She is now one of the healthiest women of her age—married in September, 1904, and has a fine baby boy. She was given up by our doctors. In fact, all our patients are in robust health.

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MORRIS PRATT INSTITUTE

Auspicious Opening of the School, for the School Year of 1907-08

The School year of the Morris Pratt Institute never commenced under more favorable conditions than those attending the opening exercises on September 19, 1907.

The weather was perfect. The students gathered from far and near for the opening day (an unusual fact), and the newly elected officers of the association were present to take part in the exercises and be duly installed in their official positions, while the faculty were present to rejoice and lend the light of their illumined countenances to the outlining of the course of studies to be pursued during the incoming term.

The entire building (as far as means and hard work would allow) had been renovated throughout, and put in perfect order.

The matron, Mrs. Weaver, was smiling among the students and guests who seemed to arrive from all directions, by every train.

A bulletin announcing the order of the opening day, Thursday, September 19th, was conspicuously posted which was followed as far as possible.

In the morning we are expected to arise at 6:30 and be ready for breakfast at 7:30.

At 9:45 a. m. all assembled in the recitation room while Prof. Weaver, principal of the School, outlined the course of the studies for the year, and gave out the studies for the day.

Mr. Weaver's benign face was particularly radiant as he looked upon the number of students present, "the largest number ever present on any opening day since the school began, five years ago," Prof. Weaver said.

The advantage of beginning with the opening day lessons cannot be overstated. Students, everybody, I agree with Mr. Weaver. When you are to begin, begin at the time and place of the beginning, whether you are to attend a school, a church service, a funeral or a wedding.

After the studies had been assigned Mr. Weaver called on Mrs. Alfaretta H. Nivers (daughter of Moses Hull), who has taught in the Morris Pratt Institute so acceptably and successfully in the department of Oratory and Physical Culture. Of Mrs. Niver's work I have spoken and written on previous occasions—too much could not be said of her work. She briefly and gracefully outlined her class work for Juniors and Sophomores, for the coming term.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull for the Psychic department was present. Although earlier in the morning I had seen her and she then thought that for the opening morning she must be excused, "For you know," she said, "I have never been present at an opening of the school without his bodily form. (Moses Hull.) "But", I said, "he will be there as truly, as palpably as before." "I know it, I know it," she said, "but human nature is weak, and I miss his mortal presence at every turn."

Brave little Mattie, she was there, and gave a beautiful little outline of what might be done in the Psychic Class, if all were in accord. Her voice trembled a little at first, but the great sympathy of all present and the strength given by the invisible helpers enabled her to proceed.

When the prospective lessons in all the departments had been outlined Mr. Weaver called upon Mrs. Richmond for a few remarks. At the close of these remarks the writer noticed tears in the eyes of most of those present, and smiles, also, wreathed their faces. Prof. Weaver said, "that the most noticeable things in Mrs. Richmond's remarks were: 'It is not what you are here to be taught, but what you are here to learn. You are the principal factor in the learning,' etc.; 'and,' said Mr. Weaver, 'the other notable feature was, that our arisen Brother, Moses Hull, has spoken to us through Mrs. Richmond's lips and made us know his presence. What a glorious thing could all the world know it!'"

This, then, explained the tears and smiles and the sweet kiss Mrs. Richmond received from dear Mrs. Hull. Mr. Weaver called on Dr. Warne to make a few remarks. The Doctor arose, and in a voice trembling with emotion said, that as he was to speak later in the day he thought they ought to adjourn with a benediction upon them that they had received from the arisen one. And adjourn they did.

Among the interesting reports made were of scholarships secured by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague in their travels, and one sent by Mrs. Richmond, from friends in Chicago as a memorial

tribute to their beautiful son, suddenly taken from mortal life. What better memorial to a young life could be given than to aid another young life to be prepared for the work of life here?

At 4 p. m., the bulletin called students, faculty and officers together (by request of Mrs. Nivers) to thoroughly organize the new system of the cuisine, which had been voted for last spring by the students and the Board of Directors to take effect on the opening of the school. The object being to relieve Mrs. Weaver of the care of the food department, she being matron and assistant secretary of the Association—work enough for two or three—and also to give the students a possible lesson in domestic economy.

The students, with Mrs. Nivers as their head, formed a club, and their cuisine is on the cafeteria plan, and they serve themselves from the things provided, paying for what they eat. This may be more for those endowed with large appetites, but is more just to the delicate ones.

The noticeable feature of the meeting was the freedom with which all the students were encouraged to "speak their minds," which they certainly did. An experimental arrangement was made for one month, and if they did not like the plan they were to change it.

Speaking of Mrs. Nivers, she had arranged for entertaining us all, and had ample provisions for the "first days" for the students, and she and her husband had painted the spacious kitchen, ceiling, walls and woodwork with a delicate light color, like the dawn, and she came across from her little cottage to see that we had everything served—Oratory, Physical Culture.—Yes, actions are very eloquent.

At 6:30 we were invited to be present at a session of the class being instructed in oratory, a class that has been in session during the vacation and consists of pupils of the Whitewater High School—for so highly is Mrs. Nivers appreciated that she has classes from the State Normal School and the Whitewater High School every year. We enjoyed the lessons very much.

This brought us to the evening and the formal opening of the school, to which the public were invited, when the following published program was carried out in the presence of an appreciative audience.

1. Singing.
2. Invocation—by Mattie E. Hull.
3. Singing.
4. Official announcement by Prof. Weaver, chairman of the executive committee of election of officers.
5. Installation of officers (informal) and address on behalf of Directors, by Cora L. V. Richmond.
6. Music.
7. Greeting on behalf of Students—by one of the students.
8. Address, by President George B. Warne.
9. Address, The Present Outlook.—by George H. Brooks.
10. Remarks by vice-president, Judge Smith.
11. Informal reception to students and visitors.

President Warne's address was a masterly production and fully justified the choice of the board in making him the president of the Association.

All the speeches were greeted with cordial and intelligent appreciation.

This last number was changed, by some fairy-like and mysterious process to a more formal reception that, by unanimous and intuitive consent centered upon Dr. and Mrs. Warne, the bride and bridegroom of the occasion. For be it known, President Warne is twice what he was when elected to fill the office, he is a whole president now. Well—ice cream, cake ("angel food," of course) and felicitous remarks and congratulations were in order. Just the household of the students and members of the board and faculty were present.

An exalted and long address by Brother Brooks (owing to his length of body), felicitous remarks by Mr. Weaver and Judge Smith. Recitation by Mrs. Nivers—"My Ships"—poem by Ouina. Delightful response by Dr. Warne, with smiling assent from Mrs. Warne. A song by all of us. The writer has known Mrs. Warne for years, and I know of no better, stronger, truer woman. Every work in which Dr. Warne is interested and so active will be doubly enhanced by this beautiful helpmeet.

The hour was much later than the "regulations" permit at the school, but we felt that the season had opened with everything favorable for the best year of the school.

The board held a hurried meeting at 6 p. m. the next morning to enable the secretary to take the 8:10 train

for Chicago. Other directors had to depart and with a blessing on Brother and Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Nivers and all, we said "Good Morning."

CORA L. V. RICHMOND.
Secretary M. P. Inst.

Send for catalogue of Institute, and remember to address all communications to Mrs. L. S. Weaver, Assistant Secretary, M. P. I., Whitewater, Wis.—Progressive Thinker.

URNS ANIMALS TO STONE BY SECRET.

Italian Chemist Comes Here to Show Our Scientific Men What He Can Do.

New York, October 4th.—Agostino Giuseppe Grosso, a chemist of Vercelli, Italy, now stopping at No. 17 St. Luke's Place, declares he has found a way to turn organic substances into stone. Grosso arrived here on Saturday on the steamer Re d'Italia and wants to stay long enough to convince the scientific men of this country that his discovery is practical.

The chemist has brought with him several substances upon which he has tried his process, the basis of which is a chemical, the nature of which he holds a profound secret. Grosso discovered it by the merest accident. Fourteen years ago, while he was in Peru, he had occasion to send a case of eggs to Ecuador. He had no way of refrigerating the consignment and began experimenting with preservatives. He bored tiny holes in the eggs and tried injecting various chemicals. None seemed to accomplish the work. In trying one powerful drug he injected a small quantity in several eggs, and a few hours later found every one of them as hard as a rock. He tried to break the shells but could not make the slightest dent. Grosso held the eggs before a strong light and was surprised to find that the yolk and white of each one were as perfect as before petrification. He continued his experiments on beef and vegetables. The result was the same with each trial. No matter how soft the original substance, it was converted into stone.

The chemist went back to Vercelli and, before a gathering of doctors at the Hospital Marziliano, gave a series of demonstrations. The body of a dog was petrified in a standing position and the animal was made to look as natural as life. Beetles, frogs, snakes and other things were put through the process, and after being petrified, retained their lifelike appearance.

In each instance the chemist inoculated the specimen with a small quantity of the mysterious drug by means of a hypodermic syringe. Grosso was always careful that the spectators should not see the chemical. Whenever he used it he went behind a screen, then brought the specimen out and allowed the doctors to watch the process of petrification as it went on.

Grosso says it takes about three hours. He has among his specimens here a chicken that was petrified, wings and all. This, he says, was done three years ago. The chicken looks about as it would in the barnyard. Its eyes have their original lustre and every detail is perfect.

"By my process," said Grosso, "I will be able to preserve animals exactly as they appear in life. It can petrify an elephant as easily as a tiny bug. It is all done in the same way, by the use of the chemical and the hypodermic syringe."

"I have tried the experiment on human legs and arms, and the result has been perfect. While I have not tried to petrify any large bodies, such as those of horses or elephants, I do not think it would require more than five or six hours at the most."

"Specimens treated by this process will last forever. If it had been used in place of the embalming chemicals employed in preparing the mummies, they would even now look just as they did at the time of death. There would be the same color as in life. My process requires no stuffing, such as is now done in mounting birds and animals."

"I have immersed small insects in this chemical and have also used it on flowers and leaves. I have the specimens today and they look perfectly natural. I believe this process would be of great value to natural history museums in preserving specimens."

Grosso is anxious to prove his experiments at the Zoological Gardens. He says he will promise to petrify any animal given him and will mount it so that it will appear life-like.

Women and Fines.

The agent from the fire insurance company came to investigate the claim for damages. He listened to the little woman's tale of how the fire commenced and how she put it out.

"Yes, yes, I know," he nodded appreciatively. "In this business we get to know what tremendous courage and presence of mind you women have. Nearly every fire in New York that does not attain great proportions is put out by a woman. There are little fires every day that never spread farther than one room of the flat because the women at home face the danger promptly and put them out. In the poorer quarters where both father and mother are out at work it is very often a girl of twelve or thirteen who smother the flames and carries a few scars through life as a result, and in every instance it is because there are little brothers and sisters to be saved. In the last place I visited it was a girl of twelve who first carried two little ones safely to the hallway and then rushed back to pull down the flaming curtains. By the time help came she had the fire almost extinguished."—New York Sun.

Cradle Lore.

In many parts of Great Britain it is considered extremely unlucky to rock or set in motion an empty cradle. In some districts, however, the saying goes that—

If ye rock the cradle empty,
Then ye shall have babies plenty.

The Sabbath day as birthday is said to confer all the virtues on an infant in addition to good looks, which alone are allotted to Monday's child. The chief characteristic of Tuesday's child is grace, while a happy disposition will belong to Wednesday's child. Woe is in store for the infant born on a Thursday, while Friday's child is destined to godly works. "Saturday's child must work for its living."

Very quaint is the idea that unless an infant goes higher—i. e., upstairs—before it goes lower it will never rise in the world. Under these circumstances if the house possesses no upper staircase wise old verses advise the nurse to take the infant in her arms and mount a chair or pair of steps before she takes her precious charge on its first journey into the outer world.—London Mail.

ANGELS.

IN this dim world of clouding cares
We rarely know till 'wildered eyes
See white wings less'ning up the skies
The angel with us unawares.
—Gerald Massey.

The Trials of Life.

Visiting Prison Chaplain—Ah, my friend, this world is full of trials. Incarcerated Guest—Don't I know it, mister? Ain't I 'ad my share of 'em? But it ain't the trials I minds so much. It's the verdicts.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ASTROLOGY.

Prof. John N. Larson, the noted astrologist, will give business adaptation (invaluable to children.) Lucky years and dates for important business transactions. Can be consulted by mail. State date of birth, the hour if known, and correct address.

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The prices are the lowest of any home in the U. S., \$15.00 a month, including board and small room, everything but private washing. To those who require nursing and medicine, small room \$20.00 a month. For those who require medical nursing, and unable to come to their meals, or are helpless and bed-ridden, and require large room and extra heat, \$30.00.

Any person who wishes treatment for any form of disease, I will diagnose the case free if the will enclose stamp, as many can be treated and cured at home.

Address all mail, Belding Sanitarium and Retreat, Belding, Mich. 315

The Banner of Light

As a monthly Magazine we will maintain the mission of the old form, in which as a weekly newspaper we have been the mouthpiece for rational, progressive Spiritualism since 1857.

PRICE:—The subscription price is Two Dollars a year payable in advance. Ten cents a sample copy.

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2 Brownie Developing Powders, -	.05	3 Paper Developing Trays, -	.30
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Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postal card would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith; "correspondent" or "subscriber" gives us no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name for our own information.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Retain copies of poems as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie of California, Mr. N. H. Eddy of Buffalo, Mrs. Emily Buss of Conneaut, O., and Major F. C. Holcomb of North Collins were recent callers at the Sunflower office.

Mr. W. H. C. Jones, rear of 7226 1/2 Frankstown avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., desires to correspond with societies that want a permanent speaker. Societies west or northwest desired.

Friends, have you not those in spirit life that loved you when on earth? And now that they realize the blessings of the world of spiritual life, is it not rational to believe that they wish to let you know what untold happiness they now enjoy, and would they not try and prepare you to partake of those enjoyments? Most assuredly they do, and will.—Dr. Levi J. Alexander.

In the World Celestial.

The fifth edition of Dr. Bland's justly popular spiritual book, *In the World Celestial*, has just been issued. It has a full page photo size portrait of a spirit painting of the beautiful heroine, Pearl, from a life size portrait of her obtained through the mediumship of the Bangs sisters. The increasing popularity of this book is due to the fact that it is not only a charming romance of two worlds, but a realistic revelation of scenes and conditions in the realms of spirit, as seen by one who spent ten days there as the guest of his long dead sweetheart. Dr. Bland got the story of his marvelous experience from the hero, Paul, and wrote it up in his most charming style. This book, bound in best cloth, with gold title, for sale at this office for \$1.

Quarters for Delegates.

Delegates and visitors to N. S. A. convention in Washington, D. C., attention:

Those who desire to attend the great convention of the N. S. A. in Washington, D. C., October 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, and wish for board and rooms outside of the hotel, can secure accommodations by addressing Mrs. Collins, 702 H. street N. W. Breakfast, dinner and sleeping apartments for \$1.50 per day. Full particulars from Mrs. Collins.

MARY T. LONGLEY,
N. S. A. Secretary.

EMBROIDERY HOOPS.

The Best Covering is Tape an Inch Wide.

If rings or embroidery hoops are used, they should be frequently re-wrapped. It is not unusual to see hoops in the hands of apparently dainty women so dirty they are a disgrace to her cleanliness, not to speak of the ruinously black lines they leave on the work.

The best covering for hoops is a very thin tape about an inch wide, wound so that one edge just barely laps over the other. As a whole bolt of tape may be bought for a few cents, there is absolutely no excuse for dingy coverings.

The silver rings in vogue several years ago are really not very practical. If wrapped they had much better be wood, and if unwrapped the inevitable tarnishing, unless the greatest care is exercised, will leave ugly stains on delicate materials.

The two parts of the embroidery hoops should fit so tightly that a certain amount of pressure must be exerted to fit them together after the work is spread on them. Fit the work smoothly over the lower ring before putting on the top. If there is the slightest wrinkle or the work sags the effect is much worse than if no hoops were used.

PROGRESS.

Kingston, Ohio, September 31, 1907.
Mr. Editor:

The time is at hand for Spiritualists to be up and doing. Instead of pleading a lack of finances, for their apathy in not supporting the propaganda of our grandest of scientific religions, (Spiritualism) they should retire into the deep silence and hold communion with the real man and woman within (their soul selves). How can we build this outward instrument, the brain and body, without we, with determined minds, sustain our newspapers and societies as places to exchange our ideas one with another, and receive fresh inspiration? We are incarnated in this mortal condition for something more than to supply the common necessities of these earthly lives of ours, and that without consideration of our real existence, that continues on throughout an eternity, as we Spiritualists have every reason to believe. The only way this present life can render us an ever increasing dividend, is by living daily with an aspiration; to know more, and thereby be a more worthy individual in association with our fellowmen.

How can this be accomplished? By practical efforts. Now this, to the more materialistic thinking individual, reasoning merely from his or her outward understanding, might mean just muscular physical application. Any one living entirely upon the outer sense plane would not progress very far if only acquisitiveness of the things of earth was the chief effort during their short period of earth life. The mental powers, used only in selfish pursuits, leaves the individual an earth-bound soul. Let in the soul power of wisdom and love, that is quickened by the unfolding influence as found in the lives of true philanthropists that sense the soul of human progress, that feel intuitively, that long after these forms of flesh have mouldered back to kindred dust, that good deeds never perish. This helpful interest kindles a flame of love in the hearts of all that come under its benign power. It may come from a heart weighed down with oppression and misrepresentation and falsified through jealousies and spite, but love mounts every barrier, is steadfast in every duty, and in time and eternity will aid in drawing every obdurate earth struggling soul from its lowliest hiding place up into the world of never failing joys and bliss.

This, dear brothers and sisters, is the chosen work of the angelic loved ones who have labored so patiently to reach their dearly beloved ones in this valley of so many trials. They have inspired your mediums for a most worthy work and now desire your aid to continue the great labor of progression for all mankind. They say "keep your mediums employed, sustain them and protect them for their organisms are much more sensitive than they would have been had they lived without this great force of thought from the spirit world being placed upon them to give mortals so much to facilitate life's advantages." Mark the progress of the last sixty years, in every way, and, when doing so, think that sensitives, as intermediates, have been the instruments through which thought has gained impression on the inventor, musician and artist in every walk of life. It is the illumination from the world beyond, in the press, in the pulpit we behold the progress. This is Spiritualism. Behold all is becoming new.

Respectfully,
MARY C. WARD.

This Serpent Out of the Hedge.

When a man doth not directly or expressly charge his neighbor with faults, but yet so speaketh that he is understood or reasonably presumed to do it, this is a very cunning and very mischievous way of slandering, for therein the skulking calumniator keepeth a reserve for himself and cutteth off from the person concerned the means of defense. If he goeth to clear himself from the matter of such aspersions, "What need," saith this insidious speaker, "of that? Must I needs mean you? Did I name you? Why do you then assume it to yourself? Do you not prejudice yourself guilty? I did not, but your own conscience, it seemeth, doth accuse you. You are so jealous and suspicious as persons otherwise or guilty use to be." So meaneth this serpent out of the hedge securely and unavoidably to bite his neighbor and is in that respect more base and more hurtful than the most flat and positive slanderer.—Isaac Barrow.

New stockings should always be washed before being worn, for the washing causes slight shrinkage and makes them wear better.

A new range should be very gradually heated to prevent the possibility of cracking.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS?

A Lecture Delivered Before the Lone Star Spiritualist Society by Mrs. Adaline Cooper.

A question among the Spiritualists all over the land is asked one of another as they meet, and especially those that are deeply interested in the advancement of our glorious cause.

Not only is this momentous question discussed among the Spiritualists, but among the orthodox people as well. In this city of Syracuse you may enter the churches and you will find empty pews.

This is a season for self-examination, as the fault lies within each one.

There deep thinking women and men are tired of accepting the idea as has always been advanced in the orthodox church that the soul goes into everlasting bliss sitting up before the throne of God gazing up at some gorgeous Being thumping some great harp, or else if he have fallen short, consigned to the depths of a great pit that would everlastingly burn to scorch us. People are beginning to think for themselves, and realize that an Infinite Power exists that is more humane than we are.

As they become tired of creeds and dogmas, then they turn to the Spiritualist Organization.

But what greater satisfaction do they find there? If a loved one has gone out of their lives, a parent has crossed the great divide, a loved child has been taken over the river, a sister, brother, or companion, then they receive some convincing message telling that they are more alive than ever.

What joy to the mourner's heart and what peace of mind to know that they are near and watching over us.

Then comes the awakening, and if you run the gauntlet of ridicule and tell your friends you have been where you heard from your loved ones, that they are not lost to you, that you feel their presence, you may have friends that are liberal enough to grant you a right to have your own individual ideas, if not then it will take a great deal of fortitude to assert the privilege of thinking as you understand to be right.

Jesus said, "He that will forsake houses and lands, husbands and wives and families for my sake shall receive an hundred fold and have everlasting life."

If we accept the philosophy of Moses Hull and the scientific truths that are given by Professor Lockwood as expressing the highest truths, we would find nothing wrong with Spiritualism. But why do not the Spiritualists live in a way that would attract more converts to our way of thinking?

Everything is wrong with the Spiritualists—they scoff at the idea of organization, they will withdraw just as soon as there is the least suggestion made of organizing a society, and those that have been very liberal in the orthodox church will attend a service of Spiritualists, and expect from one to three readings, and will drop from one cent to five on the collection plate. Friends you may hood-wink the medium; but you can not deceive God.

There is another reason why Spiritualists should come to the front and rise in one mass to protect our loved cause. There are many traveling people that advertise in some catching way that will attract the people to them for readings while our real honest Spiritualist mediums are starving.

We must educate the people to know the difference between those working for the honest worth or those that are just working for the money. There is a great responsibility resting on all Spiritualists as they know the way and should live to the highest standard. They know that by their works they shall be known. That there is no blood stained cross, that we cannot cast our sins on a crucified Jesus, that we must rise or fall by our own merit. Do not be deceived but live close to the natural law and let the God within you come to the surface and live so that you will be an honor to the loved cause, so the people will look with wonder at your perfect peace and the honorable life you live.

They Disagreed.

"These fellows were fighting," said the policeman.

"Your honor," began one of the prisoners, "I beg of you not to accept so crude a misconception of our acts. Doubtless you have heard of a 'gentleman's agreement?'"

"Certainly."

"Well, we had one, but it had progressed to the stage where it became a 'gentleman's disagreement.'"

Yet was the judge deaf to reason.

VILLAGE BEAUTIFYING

Best Method For Organizing an Improvement Society.

PECULIARLY WOMAN'S WORK.

Executive Committee Should Number Fifteen—Eight at Least Ought to Be Women—Only Most Glaring Faults Should at First Be Touched.

The best way to organize an improvement society is to have an expert give a lecture on the subject illustrated with a stereopticon with "before and after" pictures if possible, says Herbert D. Ward in the *Woman's Home Companion*. Then an improvement association can be formed to include all "sets" and political parties. The executive committee should number fifteen, of whom at least eight should be women. Each one should be the chairman of a special committee, such as "sidewalks," "streets," "public buildings," "advertisements," etc. The annual dues should not be over a dollar a year. The movements of the society should be at first slow and conservative until it has gained the confidence of all the people. Only the most glaring faults in the town should be at first touched, such as litter and refuse around the public buildings and square or the elimination of insanitary sink holes. Pure water for drinking purposes, drinking fountains for horses and dogs, the removal of nuisances and free town libraries will follow. In reality there is no limit to the community value of a wise and vigorous village improvement association.

Here are a few practical hints for local improvement:

First.—Beautify the front and back yards. Improvement begins at home. Keep the paths clean and weeded. Plant shrubs and flower beds in front and vegetable beds with grape arbor and fruit trees in the back yards. Keep the house painted and repaired.

Second.—Clean village streets and sidewalks.

Third.—Encourage the planting of flowers, shrubs and trees along streets and in all public squares.

Fourth.—Have the yards of the schools, public buildings and railroad stations cleaned up and laid out with flowers and shrubs.

Fifth.—Eliminate all advertising nuisances.

Sixth.—Remove all unsightly objects in the village. Waste cans should be situated in prominent places and the children and citizens encouraged to make use of them.

Seventh.—Encourage the giving of prizes to the best kept home and village. Then go to work and win the prize.

Make your town a model of neatness and beauty.

This is peculiarly woman's work. Let the club become a public benefactor in the town where natural beauty has been all but ruined by habits of village slovenliness. There is no town but has within it the possibilities of a charming resort.

The most unkempt and unpromising country town can be made attractive so that it shall be a subject of pride if not of advertisement. In 1872 New Milford, Conn., was about as unattractive a spot as the chance traveler could find. The average village seems to be a garbage can and a mudhole. This was no exception. Its spacious green was then a combination of mud swamp and stream gridironed with deep ruts. Refuse and papers and cattle contested for the right to the few sidewalks. It was a typical town, such as thousands still left—that is all.

Today, under the auspices of the Village Improvement association, New Milford is one of the most beautiful towns in the state, if not in the country. Its green has been transformed into the finest park of its kind in Connecticut. Shade trees, cool shrubbery, splendid roads and firm sidewalks, the public library and other beautiful buildings have conspired to attract wealth and culture. The town has been transformed from a tattered mendicant into a rich aristocrat. The increase in the value of property since the association started has been phenomenal.

Ten years ago one of the most unattractive, dusty, cloddy stations on the Gloucester branch of the Boston and Maine railroad was that of Beverly. This is situated on one side of a public square which at the time was the dreariest introduction that a chance visitor could have to a pleasant city. That station and square probably lost Beverly thousands of dollars a year in taxes. Then a group of women began to do what the men would not. They recognized the municipal outrage. They organized, pushed, pleaded, worked, until today there is a new, clean station of attractive design, and the square has been transformed into a beautiful and inviting park. Women ought always to be the beautifying factor in our public life, just as she is the charm of our private existence. But it takes indomitable public spirit to dress in proper garb the public places in our cities and towns.

This is the story of the Springfield (Mass.) Improvement society and of the Village Improvement and Library

association of Pasadena, Cal., as well as the story of a hundred other similar organizations that have evolved order out of chaos and value out of neglect. These illustrations have been given to show the vitality, economic value, necessity and growth of such improvement associations. They also show that village improvement is practically housekeeping on a village scale and therefore is the peculiar domain of women. What warring factions of petty men cannot or will not undertake women in their club organizations can readily accomplish. What has already been done speaks for them.

QUEER REMEDIES.

Use Is Made of Animals, Exorcism, Charms and Incantations.

Of the strange remedies employed at various periods and in various lands a writer in the *Scientific American* says: "The magical powers of some of the animals used to cure sickness are believed to be increased in proportion as there is mystery in their modes of life. Toads and other batrachians come under this category, and hence lizards which have been dried and neatly stretched upon bamboo splinters are greatly in demand in China and other countries where the primitive medical man still holds sway. In Japan the skin of a snake is still supposed to be a sovereign cure for abdominal pains. Turtles, too, are regarded with great awe in China, and so are tigers' bones and carbonized monkeys' skulls, which are prepared by putting them into clay vessels exposed to heat until the crania are thoroughly calcined. Birds are also carbonized for medicinal purposes, and the nests of certain swallows, made out of the gelatinous substance of seaweeds partly digested and disgorged, are believed in that country to be most invigorating as medicine for the sick.

"The American Indian medicine man does not by any means rely wholly on magic for his cures. He makes people well by producing uncanny noises, which are believed to frighten away the spirits of disease. For this purpose a wooden rattle covered with buckskin and made up in the shape of a turtle is often employed. For similar purposes of exorcism the Tibetan lama wields a whip with a handle of human bone and lashes of human skin, while he beats upon a drum formed out of the upper parts of two human skulls.

"Among the Indians and other northern nations the hoof of the elk is regarded as a sovereign cure for epilepsy if applied to the heart of the sufferer and then to his ear. In the Hawaiian Islands a fetich consisting of a human thigh bone and a braid of human hair is regarded as a panacea to ward off misfortune, while a straw image thrown out of a Korean's house on the last day of the year is believed in that country to carry with it the sins of the household as well as to obliterate all traces of bad luck.

"Charms and incantations were common among the Druids for the cure of diseases, and often the former consisted of nothing more than rags, old clothes, pins or needles. In Persia there is a superstition that a patient has only to deposit a rag on certain bushes to obtain a cure. Pieces of garments that have touched the 'pilgrim camel' are preserved with great veneration, and when persons are dangerously ill they lay these things on their bodies as infallible remedies."

The Destructiveness of Worry.

As a force, worry is purely negative and therefore destructive; it never incites; it always discourages, because back of it is fear—fear, not of something in view, but of the terrifying unseen. It is the nightmare of day, cruelly absorptive of mental and physical energies and of all diseases the most nerve lacerating. Such a force obviously cannot help, but must necessarily hinder, the removal of obstacles since itself has already sapped the very qualities essential to success and broken the power of resolution.

Moreover, constant brooding often brings to pass the very thing dreaded, which otherwise would not have happened. We all have noted instances of the making up of a story from nothing and its telling and retelling so many times that ultimately the author himself honestly believes it to be true. So with worry, beginning with doubt and mere imaginings, proceeding by steady stages through more definite apprehension to settled expectation and finally culminating in actual realization. Even though this conclusion be not reached, it often happens that a mere fancy feeds and feeds and grows and grows until the continuous thought becomes so dominant that the effect of the dread becomes as harmful as that of the unfulfilled reality would have been.—George Harvey in *North American Review*.

To Clarify Vinegar.

To clarify vinegar and even muddy wine pour into a bottle of it half a teaspoonful of fresh, sweet milk and let the whole stand for twenty-four hours. As the sediment will settle to the bottom with the curdled milk the clear liquid may then be poured off into another bottle.

SUMMONS AND RESPONSE

What the Parson's Books Taught One Man---Two Handles---Grasp the Right One.

The Sunflower will endeavor to give its readers, not only good articles upon the subject of Spiritualism, but also the trend of thought among other people, especially where it is from men of scholarly attainments, men who are giving some of their best thought upon the various problems of life, including religion.

The following article is from the New York Sun and we believe it will be of interest to many of our readers. It will be followed next week by a subsequent letter from the same writer.

"The first thing we ask of one who undertakes to teach us religion is that he shall tell us what he himself believes. 'At the risk of apparent egotism I venture on a statement of personal conviction. One's convictions are the outcome of a lifetime's experiences and so must wear an individual stamp. But any genuine conviction must also be in a sense typical, so that a frank statement of one's attitude may have some value for others. Of course I cannot even hint at the thousand influences which in moulding me have taught me. I will only say that, trained in a mild orthodoxy and coming early under broadening influences, I parted company thirty years ago with the miraculous and authoritative element in religion. Of the uncounted teachers to whom I owe whatever I have found of good ('all we have and are is pure gift') incomparably the chief have been the personal experiences brought by the years: what Hosea Biglow calls 'the parson's books.'"

The parson's books—Life, Death and Time—
Hev took some trouble with my school-in'.

The best fruit of such schooling is what we may name knowledge rather than belief. It is as knowledge that I feel moved to speak of an interpretation of human life that has grown in me. That interpretation may be indicated in two words. The first is the Summons. It is the voice that speaks to us constantly, at every moment of choice. I have called it the Summons; it might bear the sterner name of Command, or the more gracious name, the Invitation. Always, did we but know it, it is both Command and Invitation. It is the call at each parting of the ways, be it ever so faintly marked, to the right way. Epictetus puts this in a simple universal fashion: "Every matter has two handles, one of which will bear taking hold of, the other not." He illustrates it thus: "If thy brother is against thee lay not hold of the matter by this, that he sins against thee; for by this handle the matter will not bear laying hold of. But rather lay hold of it by this, that he is thy brother, thy born mate; and thou wilt take hold of it by what will bear handling." Through each of our days, from the rising to the lying down, we consciously or unconsciously are grasping things by the right handle—promptness, thoroughness, courage, kindness; or by the wrong handle—sluggishness, cowardice, greed. So, too, of the use of all our faculties—the hand may respond alertly to the calls to breadwinning, to service, to constructive work, or it may limply shrink; the inner eye may be open to beauty, or blind; the inner ear intent in sympathy, or deaf. So toward all the laws of nature; our bodily health we hold by the tenure of attention to the body's requirement we make the forces of nature our servants as we grasp them intelligently; each new discovery writes a new precept; and when radium is discovered or a new food or fuel is invented a path opens inscribed: "This is the way; walk ye in it." So of our social relations; there is the perpetual call to meet our fellows in the temper not of mastery or indifference but of love and service. So of every emergency and difficulty; each silently bids to the high heart, to the resourceful mind or to firm patience. So of the encompassing spiritual realm, of mystery and wonder, of knowledge withheld, yet of thrilling suggestion—its voice bids ever to reverence, to aspiration, to hope. Always, everywhere—the Summons.

And with that word I put—the

Response; the response of the universe to man. Partly it comes through familiar laws of cause and effect; it is the diligent man and not the sluggard, who wins bread; the temperate man, not the glutton, who gets the joy of health. The normal exercise of every natural faculty is pleasurable. When man is beset by hard conditions the struggle to master them has its own elation. The loyal effort toward the best result, whether outwardly successful or not, brings inward peace. The rugged earth and the stormy sea, as Clough finely sings, call to man to come and subdue them. In taming the wilderness and riding the surges; in creating cities, monuments, books; in wringing sustenance, comfort, beauty, society out of elements that confront him, the stern face that bade him strive is transfigured into motherly radiance.

I have used the word Response because some right effort or attitude on man's part is necessary that the universe may answer him with its good gifts. But the gifts poured upon the open and willing heart are so out of proportion to any self-imagined desert that it is no wonder that religion has delighted to use the word Grace—the free bounty of heaven. Consider one or two of these gifts; take human love—here about one are a world of hearts, and scarcely one but is accessible to the touch or look of kindness. The serviceable, the gentle, the sympathetic find gratitude and affection ready to flow freely out to them. Or take that supreme experience which every day brings to some happy pair, the mutual love of man and woman—what man or woman newly dowered with the knowledge and possession of a companion spirit but feels that "God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame"? Take a less exalted faculty, the sense of humor—what a field is open for its play! One is sometimes inclined to think that whether or not this world is the best ever made, it certainly must be the funniest.

Pass now to another phase: consider the treasures of beauty which the world offers to whoever has eyes. One's youthful education to it begins perhaps with the recognition of the more striking displays—a gorgeous sunset or a mountain panorama. But appreciation heightens by exercise, the commonest aspects please until one can sympathize with Emerson's declaration: "In the midst of a puddly moor I am afraid to say how glad I am." "Very fine, all this," some one may remark. "You write from the country, but where is the beauty among the skyscrapers of Broadway?" Well, my good sir, I once lived or rather worked in New York, and rarely have seen a grander sight than greeted me daily as I stepped to the bow of a North River ferryboat and river and bay and sky and cloud and city and ships made a consummate living picture, in which the human element was a vital part. Ah! the human element of beauty—one need not leave Broadway or even the slums to find that, and the eye trained to read faces rightly may find in them hieroglyphics of divinity. It is indeed divinity that we come to find written in the countenance of earth and of man. Before the noblest scenes of nature a great awe and uplift comes upon the soul. When there is vouchsafed to us a glimpse of some saintly face in an exalted moment a sense of divinity thrills us. And as the poet of nature recognizes the divine aspect even in the common wayside, the "puddly moor," so doubtless the true seer of humanity could read the divine handwriting in the faces we blindly pass as common or dull.

There is another aspect of the Response, most significant of all, yet which may scarcely be put in right words. It is like the breathing into our life of a higher Life. Perhaps it is felt first in some supreme emergency. In the heart of the storm we find peace. We are called to give up our strongest desire, and surrendering we are at rest as if conscious that some will including and transcending all our desires is sovereign. Our dearest earthly treasure is snatched away and a consciousness of eternal possession fills us. It may be the

hour of deep dismay or of catastrophe in which the vision first comes to us. But its visits recur, sweet and gracious as the morning. It comes to blend not only with our sorrow and need but with our happy hours as well. It attunes our whole life toward happiness. It lends the charm to the beauty of earth, as if that beauty were indeed the outward form clothing celestial spirit. It is felt as underlying our deepest human affections, and they become sacramental. The high consciousness is not for every hour or every day—it has its withdrawals and eclipses. But the light of the illumined hours stores itself in our being, and when the radiance fades an unseen presence abides with us, steady, inspiring, satisfying.

So, in a stammering fashion, one tries to speak what he feels is unspeakable, recalling the saying of a friend, "our best possessions are labelled 'not transferable.'" Yet a few have had the power to voice such experiences, and these have been the psalmists and singers dearest to mankind. And however crudely uttered or however unreal or fantastic it may seem to some, this sense of divine support and encompassment has in its substance and in greater or less degree been known to men and women unnumbered through ages and in many lands. It has been often expressed in language and in forms of thought which seem passing away, which at least some of us can no longer use. But in its substance I believe it belongs to mankind at its best and is to grow more common, more vivid, profound and luminous as mankind advances.

The Summons and the Response as I have tried to interpret them—these have become to me familiar and accepted facts of my own life and of the life of mankind. The statement is incomplete without a candid survey of some further aspects. And for that perhaps The Sun will give me a future opportunity to speak.

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.

Springfield, Mass., September 19.

HANG ON.

If you have a job worth keeping,
Just hang on;
Some one for it is a-seeking,
So hang on.
Work the very best you can—
Better than the other man.
You will find it the best plan
To hang on.

If the road is growing thorny,
Just hang on;
Mind not if your hands get horny,
Just hang on.
Labor's what the stomach fills;
Gives the health that throbs and thrills.
It's the rapid pace that kills;
Don't hang on.

If you're going up the slope,
Just hang on;
And the auto gear gets broke,
Just hang on.
Your machine may take a hump,
Fly down hill and hit a stump.
Though you're senseless from the bump
Just hang on.

If your watch and chain's in pawn,
Just hang on;
To the ticket and hope on;
Just hope on.
Maybe luck will come your way;
You may have a winning day.
Take my advice; hear what I say,
And hang on.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

How to Become an Artist.

Holman Hunt began his art labors when at the age of four he cut off a lock of his own hair to make a paint brush. It is rather a serious matter for the young artist rightly to choose some picturesque and as far as possible inadequate means of beginning his career. We all know the story of Benjamin West and the cat's tail. Allston, being a colorist, is supposed to have squeezed the luscious hues from flowers to make his paints. As there are probably many young artists contemplating a career, why not suggest a few new ways of beginning?

Make a brush from popper's shaving brush, from mummer's hairbrush, from uncle's chin whiskers, from auntie's false front.

No doubt the reason there are few great artists nowadays is that it is so hard to avoid ready made paint brushes. They are thrust upon children in the public schools. How can we hope for a Benjamin West with brushes a drug on the market?—Philip L. Hale in Boston Herald.

A Waitress Too Optimistic.

"A mistake was made when I ate at this place five years ago," said a man to the waitress at the lunch counter in the Union depot.

"Suppose I gave you too much money in making change," said the young woman.

"No, that's not the trouble. I was short 20 cents."

"Well, I wasn't here five years ago," she snapped as she left to wait on another customer.—Kansas City Star.

The Jury.

"When I goes to de co'thouse," said Uncle Eben, "it sometimes looks to me like de jury was a committee to award a prize to de smartest lawyer."—Washington Star.

THE MODERN BIG GUN

Its Making Involves a Sequence of Mechanical Wonders.

HOW ARTILLERY IS BUILT UP

Boring the Monster Tube, Wrapping on the Hundred Miles of Wire and Fitting the White Hot Steel Jacket on a Twelve Inch Weapon.

It takes a big thought to grasp the immensity of the famous Tyneside hive of industry, Elswick works, says the People's Journal. The area covered by this huge concern is equal to that of many a fair sized town. The employees, 20,000, are a whole population in themselves. For a full mile along the northern bank of the Tyne stretch workshop on workshop.

From the moment you put your foot inside the first department you realize you are in a veritable museum of mechanical wonders.

"Here is a gun being bored," your guide announces, and you accompany him over to the huge lathe to see the process and at the same time gather some vastly interesting information as to how artillery is built up.

One of the first things done to these ponderous weapons is the hollowing out of the bore. This, as may be imagined, is not the work of an hour. With the finest machinery in the world it required an average of eighteen days to pierce a ten yards long steel muzzle with a twelve inch bore, grooved slantwise.

To see the gun tube, weighing anything up to sixty tons, fixed into the lathe is itself most interesting. To manipulate the larger pieces two hydraulic cranes are used. These cranes work overhead and run on rollers bedded in the side supports. Electricity supplies the working power. With the huge load fixed, smoothly, almost silently, it is swung majestically into the air and carried along in whatever direction is required. Before you have done speculating as to what may happen if that mighty load comes crashing down on top of you you hear the order "Lower!" and down comes the sixty tons of steel with the ease and grace of sixty pounds of feathers. But a still greater marvel awaits you in the next department to which you are conducted. Here you learn something of the process of gun wrapping. The wire with which modern artillery is wrapped is of the finest steel, flat, like the mainspring of a clock, and a full hundred miles of it are required to wrap a twelve inch gun. The figures are somewhat surprising—wire enough to stretch in a straight line from Newcastle to Edinburgh used on one single cannon!

Wire seems a weak substance to use in connection with artillery. In point of fact wired guns are the strongest in existence. The rifled steel tube you saw in the department just left is capable of withstanding a pressure of forty-five tons; wired, the tensile resistance will equal 110 tons, and projectiles may be fired from it at the rate of three a minute without the slightest fear of the gun bursting.

The wire is wrapped on to the tube in the same way as thread is wound round a bobbin. The huge coil is fixed overhead, and as the powerful machinery revolves layer after layer is wound round the gun taut as if cast on and smooth and level as veneering. Think of it! One hundred miles of steel wire, springy as quicksilver, guided automatically by machinery, and a strand lapping by the thousandth part of an inch!

Even now, however, that gun is in quite an embryo stage. It has about a dozen further processes to go through before it is ready to hand over to the

government that has ordered it or sent to the stock room, where many hundreds of guns of all sizes and patterns are kept ready for immediate sale to anybody wanting them.

You leave the turning shop and presently find yourself in front of what your guide declares to be furnaces, but which you think would be better described as infernos. You are surprised to learn that these furnaces are heated by gas, and on inquiring the reason you are told that it is for the sake of purity and cleanliness. The grit and dirt from any kind of fuel would ruin the work done at these furnaces. And what is that work? Putting on the outer jacket of the gun—just a little matter to buoy up those miles of wire and inches of forged steel within that again.

Presently there is a commotion. Something opens somewhere. There is a terrific glare, and the temperature goes suddenly up to—well, something rather warm. Then a crane is set in motion, something you can faintly see grips something else you don't wish to look at—it is so suggestive of the sun within ten yards of you—and before you well know what it all means the white hot steel jacket is being fitted on the gun barrel reared alongside. When that jacket cools it will fit considerably tighter than the garments of a growing boy, though that is an afterthought which comes to you when you have got into cooler regions. Interesting as it is, the process of investing a gun with its jacket is too sultry for the unprepared visitors to stand much of, and you hasten outside to where goggles and leg pads are not necessary.

A gun complete, with all its fixings exactly as if it were in a fort or aboard a ship, is awaiting your inspection. If you did not know before that a modern gun is a marvel, you certainly grasp that fact now. When you have finished wondering and admiring you ask for figures and particulars. You learn that the gun is a twelve inch one; its length, with the breech piece, is forty-five feet; its total weight, with all its mountings, 450 tons.

All you see from the outside of the steel shell tower is the long muzzle pointing suggestively out of the forward embrasure. The armor plating of these walls of steel varies in thickness from eight to twelve inches. You enter the stronghold by a heavy steel door in the rear. You now observe that the gun is erected on supports over a pit thirty-five or forty feet deep. This pit exactly corresponds with the position the gun will occupy when mounted aboard ship. The machinery you see at the rear of the gun is an ammunition hoist and hydraulic apparatus for working the gun. As you contemplate these you can scarcely help wondering how warriors got along in the days of ramrods, lanyards and cannon balls less in size than the average turnip. But mark the marvels of modern gunnery! You touch a handle, and, with an ease that astounds you, down drops the muzzle of the mammoth piece. You release another handle, and, with the simplest possible movement so far as you are concerned, the entire gun mountings begin to revolve in a circle. A similar simple touch will send the huge projectile on its journey of four or five miles to strike and pierce twelve inch armor plate.

"Hydraulics," your guide laconically explains. "Magic" fits in better with your private ideas. Even the ammunition hoist works automatically. Should a shot unfortunately damage its mechanism it can still be worked by hand. A miracle of mechanics, a wonder of adaptation!

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"I've done a lot in that line, stranger," said the one with the large, rough hands. "I'm a barn painter by trade, and I generally paint 'em red."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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